[Frederick Arnold]

J. L. Otter -

REMINISCENCES

OF A

LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.

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REMINISCENCES

OF A

LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THREE-CORNERED ESSAYS," ETC.

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

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CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
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PREFACE.

I BEGAN these notes some years ago, before the pleasant rush of recent autobiographical literature had fairly set in. The work is somewhat autobiographical, but not a biography; I have gone as little as might be into merely personal details, which in my own case, except to a few, might prove extremely uninteresting, but have gathered up some of my impressions and experiences. Intending to make it a home work, I have excluded various chapters on foreign travel in various parts of France, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and Spain. I believe that any book that seeks honestly and fairly to set forth a personal experience may hope to have some measure of use and interest. One of my fair friends has informed me, in the dialect of the day, that I have hardly been "in the swim;" which is true enough, but, at the

same time, I have been in a position to see a great deal of the swimming. I believe that no one is more aware than myself of the imperfections of this work, and of the life which the work in some measure chronicles; but on these last I do not dwell. No man would care to live his life over again, even in a narrative. I venture to quote the consoling words of Archbishop Trench, in one of his letters: "After all, the unity and continuity of life must lie in the inward and spiritual life, and not in the outward; and it must be ours to watch that the breaks and disarrangements of the latter bring in no confusion or interruption in the former. For of this I am sure, that they need not; though my own experience has told me that they often do; but this is our own fault."

F. A.

St. George's Club, W.,
September 10*th*, 1889.

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REMINISCENCES

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I WAS very much pleased to find, when I revisited my birthplace—a deservedly favourite watering-place in the West of England—that it had been converted into a public library. It was a kind of apotheosis of the old house. Books have always been my greatest friends, and, according to the moderate measure of my powers, I have always been a great friend of books. I could not wish any fairer fate for my birthplace. I only wish that so many town populations would not stand in their own light by refusing to avail themselves of the Public Libraries' Act.

My father at that time was doing some clerical work and pupilising, acting as chaplain to the Earl of Ellenborough. The Earl wanted to send him out to India, where one of his brothers had been chaplain, but he had declined; this was not in his line. He had gone up to Cambridge a twice-married man, and had taken holy orders late. He had wavered in his choice of a profession, and in several fields he had gained experience of considerable extent and variety. He had been intended for the bar. But he was intimate with Stanley, one of the best-known surgeons of the day, and also with Abernethy, the family doctor. He had many interesting stories to tell about Abernethy. He thought he would be a surgeon, and walked the hospital for some time, and went to study at Edinburgh. Then his friends obtained him an appointment in the Ordnance Office, where he was for some time under the Duke of Wellington, of whom he was never tired of talking, to the last day of his life. He married his first cousin, one of two sisters, the other of whom married Constable, the painter. In right of his wife, the survivor of the sisters, Constable became possessed of very considerable means, which relieved him of any anxiety in regard to his profession.

Ultimately my father entered the ministry of the Church of England, surrendering the certitude of a handsome income and a large pension. His own father had died when my father was only sixteen. He was then making a very large income at the law, being solicitor either to the Woods and Forests, or to the Treasury; and when he died, an estate for which he had given thirty thousand pounds, in the depression which succeeded the great war, only fetched eighteen thousand. He was a very good man, and when one of us examined his funeral register he found that the clergyman had written against his name, "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit." His father before him, my great-grandfather, had been a Master in Chancery. Before him there had been a succession of country gentlemen. The family came over from Germany about the time of the death of Queen Elizabeth. On one side, however, we had a strong claim on Winchester School, and it was a constant tradition that one of our ancestors had written the pretty ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid."

Some of my father's reminiscences were very interesting. He went down to Edinburgh for medical study on the top of a stage-coach. He had a hundred

pounds in cash in his pocket. He imposed no limit of time for his journey. Whenever he saw a pretty place he got down and spent a day or two there. It was in this leisurely fashion that people travelled in the good old days. At Edinburgh he used to go to Ambrose's Coffee-house, which has been immortalised by Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." So far from being pleased with the celebrity conferred on him, old Ambrose chose to be very indignant at the use which Wilson had made of his name. "What right had Mr. Wilson to talk about me?" said Ambrose. "I tell you what I am, sir; I'm an individual." He repeatedly exclaimed that he was an individual, with much moral dignity.

I think the Scotch are rather fond of hard words. I remember asking a station-master whether the 3.25 train went to Campsie. "Did I want to go to Campsie? The express did not stop at Campsie. The 12.40 train stopped at Campsie."

I steadily repeated my inquiry: "Does this train stop at Campsie?"

"Now look here," said the station-master, looking very angry, "do you think I am going to be your—your—your amanuensis?"

He brought out the big word with crushing dignity, and left me morally prostrate.

My father was sent to a private school of some celebrity in its day. It was kept by old Simon, of St. Paul's Cray, who only took a very small number, and though the terms were heavy, there was some competition for admission. My father's family were all Evangelicals of the Evangelicals, at the time when the Clapham sect were in their full career of vigour and usefulness. They had a dread of public schools, perhaps derived from Cowper's "Tyrocinium." The family used to "sit" under Richard Cecil, for whom my father had a great regard, and who was one of the most gifted and remarkable men of his day. Old Simon belonged to the famous Eclectic Club, of which many of the most eminent members of that sect were members. The reports of the Eclectic Club are still exceedingly worth reading. The old schoolmaster is still a tradition at St. Paul's Cray. When the people of the parish wished to present him with a well-earned testimonial, he elected a large roomy pulpit, in which he should have ample space and verge enough to move about and deliver his soul. My father heard a curious dialogue which he had

with a small boy. "Pray, Mr. Simon, what became of Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero, and all the virtuous heathen?" said the small lad.

"All gone to hell, boy, for the glory of God," was the answer.

The religious influences of his youth went far towards ultimately determining him in the direction of holy orders. So far as this world went he was a loser; but he thought, and I am sure that he was right, that in the long run he might be the gainer. The ultra-Protestantism which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, unlike that of many good men, intensified as he became older. He had an utter horror of the Pope and all his works, and was without an iota of sympathy for any Roman Catholics or Ritualists. He said that he would rather see his son die than become a Roman Catholic.

Sometimes he put his sentiments in an amusingly exaggerated way. "I suppose I am thought bigoted and narrow-minded," he said one day. "All I can say, sir, is that, by the blessing of Heaven, I hope to become more bigoted and narrow-minded every day that I live." I should explain that this was simply his amusing and exaggerated way of putting things.

Some of his recollections were very interesting, which he used to tell us in the evenings in the remote country parsonage which became his home for many years. He remembered spending a long evening with Coleridge. He thought Coleridge prosed away the whole of the time; I suppose on the perpetual *omjec* and *subjec.* I expect that, as a very young man, he could hardly appreciate that wonderful conversation which some of the best judges have considered better than any of his books. Early one morning, in the June of 1815, my father met a fellow clerk in the Ordnance, and told him that there was a rumour that a great battle had just been fought in Belgium. The other man answered that they could very well find out all about it, as the Prince Regent had been dining the night before at a house in St. James's Square which he knew. They at once called at the house, although it was a very early hour. They were shown into the dining-room, which was still in a state of disorder, and the remainder of the dessert still upon the table; and there were some torn French banners which had been brought late at night to the dinner-party straight from the field of Waterloo.

Lord Ellenborough was very kind to my father, and wished to take him out to India, but this did not suit my father's idea. Chaplaincies to noblemen are not now so frequent as they used to be; the clergy of our day like a larger sphere and wider sympathies. A friend of mine was chaplain to a nobleman living far off in the wilds of Scotland; this nobleman maintained at his place clergy, organist, singing men, and choristers. There was full cathedral service twice a day. There was no congregation, and on the other hand there was a full development of the ecclesiastical idea. The best form of such a chaplaincy is where there is a little church in the ancestral park, where the labourers and villagers attend. Such is the little church in Lord Fitzhardinge's park at Cranford, or that one in Lord Wantage's park of Overston, and the pretty little church by the ruins, and woods, and waters of Bayham Abbey. This old Bayham Abbey is now used as a parsonage. It once received the Queen, when Princess, and that night lodged seventy people. It is no wonder that I found nineteen of the rooms shut up.

It seemed to my father that Lord Ellenborough

tried to form himself upon the model of the first Napoleon. My father used to characterise him as the cleverest fool he ever knew. The one book which Ellenborough liked was the "Code Napoléon," and with good reason, too, for it is a more durable monument of Napoleon than any of his conquests. It was the Napoleonic grandiloquence that dictated the Ellenborough proclamation about the gates of Somnauth. In after years, when an Oxford undergraduate, I used to dine sometimes at Ford's Hotel, Manchester Square. It was a great place for Roman Catholic gentry, and there I first made the acquaintance of some of the Jesuit Fathers, who struck me as being the most gentlemanly and best educated men of the Roman priesthood. Here I used to meet with Lady Ellenborough's father, old Admiral Digby, and have some gossip with him about the old days, with which, however, I do not propose to trouble my readers.

My father's first wife was one of the two daughters —there was no son—of a well-known lawyer who was Solicitor to the Admiralty. She was his first cousin. I believe that he was also private solicitor to George IV. He was at the Admiralty in

Croker's time, and in the "Croker Papers" there is a repeated mention of him. Croker goes down to Brighton; he looks at the Pavilion: "It is not so much changed as I had been told. I had heard that it was all altered. . . . In the place of the two rooms which stood at angles of forty-five degrees with the rest of the building, have been erected two immense rooms. They are both too handsome for Brighton, and in an excessive degree too fine for the extent of His Royal Highness's premises. . . . It is, I think, an absurd waste of money, and will be a ruin in half a century, or sooner." Happily the prediction has been falsified, and the Dome and Pavilion have been of constant delight and use to Brighton and its visitors.

In Croker's Diary I, for the first time, read an account of my relative's funeral:

"*March* 17*th* [1828].—I attended the funeral of my old friend B——. I observe that there are three degrees of mourning on these occasions — cloaks, with crape hatbands; crape scarves and hatbands; and *silk* scarves and hatbands. His remains were neither buried nor interned, but deposited in the

vaults of St. Martin's. The coffins are placed in irregular piles on the floor of the vaults, five or six over each other. When the minister came to 'dust to dust,' one of the undertaker's men stepped up on the lower coffin of the pile to enable him to throw a handful of dust on poor B——."

My father had a sister to whom I owe a great debt of reverence and affection—"Aunt Sophy." When she was eighty she purchased an annuity, on the hypothesis that she might last a couple of years longer. She lived to the age of ninety-four, in the full possession of remarkable faculties. She ascribed her longevity to the habit of taking at her tea one-third of a grain of opium. She always had unbroken rest, unless she had forgotten to take her pill. She never had any bad results, nor ever wished to increase the dose. I remember as a boy that she greatly dashed my youthful spirits by saying, when I was taking leave of her after a visit: "My dear boy, I had intended to tip you a sovereign, but, on thinking matters over, I thought that a little advice might be more useful." In the long run, of course, I got my sovereign. She was, indeed, one of the most

generous as well as wisest of women. She regularly gave away about one-half of her income. She, too, was very Low Church, a great friend of the Gurneys of Eastham, and of Robert Bickersteth, of Watton, whom Lord Palmerston thought he was making a bishop when he appointed another of the name. When I last saw her she told me that she had no other wish than she might one night die quietly in her bed, and give no trouble to any one. I learned by telegram one morning that this actually was the case.

I think I shall allow myself to say something of my relations on my mother's side. I confess that I am very clannish in my sympathies, and have always held the ties of relationship in great respect. We make our own friends, but relations are the natural friends that Heaven gives us. My maternal grandfather, of whom I have just a recollection, was a good man, and also a remarkable man in his way. He was an object of the greatest affection and devotion to his children, which certainly speaks well for any man. He, too, was a strong Evangelical in the days when the Evangelicals were in a small minority, and had no thought of such a shower of mitres as fell in the Shaftesbury-Palmerston epoch.

He belonged to St. Edmund's Hall—"Teddy Hall," as it is affectionately abbreviated—the modest stronghold of men whose opinions received little sympathy from the University of Wesley and Whitfield. He wrote various books, among them there was a sort of epic on the "Days of Noah," all of them intended for the advancement of learning, religious principles, and Toryism. Lord Eldon sent for him, and offered him a country living, with a promise of something better later on. The promised promotion never came. He remained for many years in his country rectory, building himself a house, and laying out a garden, and diligently serving his Church and people. His books are forgotten, but the tradition still remains of many of his kind and merciful acts.

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

There was a kind of Parson Adams simplicity of character about the grandfather which might have made him a very serviceable character in fiction. He had a little estate of his own somewhere, which was of so little use to him that he was glad at last to close all accounts by getting rid of it, and by paying a

thousand pounds out in addition, to close the transaction. The fact is, he was grossly cheated by his lawyer, with whose malpractices he was quite unable to cope, especially as he was living at a distance. This man, like other rogues, really cheated himself more than he cheated other people, and found himself landed in the old Fleet Prison at last. Thence he used to indite sorrowful begging letters to the Rector, from whom he never failed to receive a generous response. One day the old gentleman arrived at his country home evidently much exhausted by a long trudge. Eventually, as his manner was, he told his story to his wife, through whom it later came to the knowledge of his family. He had visited the man who had gone far to ruin him, in the Fleet, had sent out for meat and wine for him, and had completely emptied his pockets for him. Then he trudged back, penniless, on foot, some thirty miles to his home.

Then there was another old rascal—although I hardly like to call a repentant man by such a name —with whom he came in contact. This man had committed a forgery, and the respect for written instruments was so great in those days that the forger was generally hung. My grandfather inter-

ceded with the Bank, and with infinite pains prevailed upon them not to prosecute. Perhaps it was not all benevolence on the part of the Bank; if they could not take care of their own money it might be thought that they could not take care of the money of other people. The man who committed the forgery had some ability and education, and the Rector, resolved to put him in the way of making an honest livelihood, set him up in a small school, where he was able to keep him carefully in view. I just remember that this pedagogue of doubtful antecedents was a very Orbilius in the way of flogging his pupils. The experiment was a dangerous one, but the man lived usefully and respectably, which was a better state of things than hanging him.

There were some interesting associations of literary history connected with my grandsire. When he was a young man, curate at Nottingham, he made the acquaintance of Henry Kirke White. He found White in a perfect slough of difficulties about religious belief; in fact, an absolute sceptic. He lent him the book which Cardinal Newman praises so greatly, Scott's "Force of Truth," and had the happiness of helping him to a better state of mind. The circumstances

are mentioned in the biographies of White. Among some pupils in town he had one clever lad, Henry Melvill, who became Senior Wrangler, and who was for many years the pre-eminent orator of the English Church.

One of his nearest relations had a property at Bradenham, where he resided. Hither came the elder Disraeli, and rented a house from him. The landlord and tenant became the best of friends. Isaac Disraeli's great occupation was literature; but he relieved his literary work by much playing at cards. Like many other Jewish families, the Disraelis had gradually renounced their Judaism without becoming very ardent Christians. A curious conversation has been handed down between his landlord and the elder Disraeli.

"Well, Mr. Disraeli, what do you do when you go to church?" asked the uncle some degrees removed.

"Oh, I put my head into my hat."

"And what do you do when you put your head into your hat?"

"Oh, I begin counting a number!"

The advance of the great Jewish families into Christianity was of a very gradual kind.

My grandfather used to tell an amusing story about an ignorant young couple in his parish. He had married them, but the marriage was a failure; they could not get on at all well together. They had vast, undefined ideas of what a rector could do, and it entered into their foolish minds that he might be able to undo their marriage. So they asked him whether he could not take them into church again and perform some service which would set them free, as they were before. The Rector said, musingly:

"Well, I think if you came to church I could put you into the way of becoming unmarried. Also, it is a curious kind of business, and instead of coming to the altar, as before, you will have to go into the belfry."

So the unhappy couple readily assented; and on an appointed time they went to the church, and the Rector marched them into the belfry.

"You see these two trestles," he said; "the husband will have to stand upon one trestle, and the wife upon the other."

Accordingly the husband, with much wonderment, stood on a trestle, and the wife did the same.

"Now each of you take a bell-rope in your hand."

This was done.

"Now each of you tie the bell-rope round your neck and jump off the trestle."

"Lor', sir," said one of them, "we should be hanging ourselves."

"Exactly," said the Rector. "That is what I mean. The only way by which you can unmarry yourselves in church is by hanging yourselves in the belfry."

Then the young people precipitately descended from their trestles, and the Rector gave them a lecture, not, I hope, without effect, exhorting them to mutual forbearance and affection.

One of my grandfather's numerous writings was a little book on suicide—an earnest discourse to those intent upon self-murder. It singularly happened that one of the persons to whom he lent the book proceeded to hang himself.

He had a daughter, a lovely girl, equally admirable in mind and person. She was an invalid, suffering from a prolonged illness. One day, when he was walking in the London streets, he seemed to hear a voice saying distinctly to him, "Oh, come home!" The effect was so strong that he im-

mediately began his homeward journey. He arrived just half an hour before his favourite daughter died, but in time for the last prayers and wishes. I could put down other strange stories of a supernatural kind, but authenticated to me by the children of the family.

My grandfather knew intimately several young men of great promise, who were extremely attached to his society, a few of whom, in after life, I came to know myself.

One of these was George Cruikshank, the artist. Him I did not meet till a few months before he died. There was then much decay of memory, but the brilliancy of his eye was still very remarkable. I met him at a large and memorable party, which the late Mr. Serjeant Cox gave after he had purchased one of the old Inns of Court. He entertained several thousand people with a lavish hospitality. I had some talk with the old man, and I told him that I was especially glad to meet him, as I knew he had been a frequent visitor at my grandfather's half a century ago.

He cordially reciprocated my remarks, and we had some pleasant talk.

As I rose to move on to the other rooms, his

face assumed a puzzled expression. His mind went back beyond those fifty years to the days of his youth. He evidently mistook me for my grandfather, and thought he saw his old friend once more.

"Are you still at the old place?" were his last words. "How do you like it?"

Another of them was Joseph Payne, a well-known barrister, who afterwards became a Judge of the Middlesex Sessions. He was a great friend of Lord Shaftesbury's, and worked with him in many a religious and philanthropic scheme. He was a great speaker at Exeter Hall, and had a fad of concluding every speech with a piece of improvised poetry, a faculty like that of Theodore Hook's, but on a range of subjects very different to Hook's. These "tags" of poetry amounted to some thousands in number. Joe Payne's business lay almost entirely at the Old Bailey. He deliberately preferred it to any other business. He considered that life and liberty were much more interesting and dramatic subjects than mere questions of property. He showed me one day a large heap of briefs held for prisoners, a very considerable proportion of which were marked "not guilty." I congratulated him on being the

defender and deliverer of so many innocent beings. The remark was made with sincerity, for I was very young at the time. He explained to me that being not guilty and being found not guilty were very different things. When he became a criminal Judge he was noted for the ruthless severity with which he sentenced his former friends and clients. He explained that it was done out of pure kindness. A short sentence would do them no good, but a long sentence would wean them from bad habits and associates, and give them the chance of making a fresh start in life. I met and talked to him a day or two before the sudden close of his useful and honourable career. He had a brother whom I also knew, who was a coroner for the City, and who, without the slightest chance of success, offered himself as a candidate for its representation. It was said that the worthy coroner held an inquest on himself, and returned a verdict of "temporary insanity."

My grandfather married a first cousin of Huskisson, the statesman. She survived to a great age, and, like her friend George Cruikshank, seemed to think that I was a contemporary of her youth. "Now what do you think of Mr. Huskisson, my dear? You

remember him very well, I am sure. Is he not pleasant and gentlemanly?" My grandmother, in her old age, underwent a kind of rejuvenescence. She had as delicate a complexion, sweet manners, and graceful ways as any young girl could have. Having lived a sequestered country life for many years, she began to travel about extensively, and visited all her relatives and friends. I remember her, in her faultless attire, repeating her hymns and texts, just as if she were a little child once more—in the highest sense a little child fit for the kingdom of heaven. In all these respects my own mother—best and kindest of mothers! — greatly reproduced her character and characteristics.

But, in the whole course of my life, I never met any one whose character and personality impressed me so much as my father's. He was a good man, with some of the elements of a great man. In his youth he seemed destined for wealth and luxury, but he came to know poverty and struggle; in his youth he saw an unusual variety of life and incident, and for many years he lived a life of comparative seclusion. I shall never hear better wit and wisdom than that which he was wont to pour forth. Man more frank,

brave, generous, and genuine never existed, nor one with a happier wit or greater love of knowledge and goodness. He was of a presence that never failed to impress. The dark shadow of unbelief never for a moment fell upon his spirit. He thought no more of dying than of going from one room into another. His chief anxiety for his children was that they should grow up good Christian people. He would constantly give a word in season, perhaps unheeded at the time, but hardly ever forgotten. Once he complained of my not writing. "The old man," he said in his letter, "is still alive, though he hopes the old man in him dies daily."

I remember that, in his last illness, Bishop Selwyn came over to see him. Of course he had the Bishop to dinner, but would not make the slightest alteration in the plain repast, which the Bishop would appreciate. The Bishop was delighted with the state of things in the parish, despite my father's age and infirmities, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Præter spem! præter spem!" Selwyn was every inch a bishop, but my father looked more bishop-like than most bishops. The two old men had a long *sederunt*. They agreed in bemoaning the prevalent Erastianism in high

places ; they moaned over the disestablishment of the Irish Church ; they deplored the latitudinarianism of Tait and Stanley. I should hardly have thought it likely that he would have sympathised so thoroughly with the great High Church Bishop, but it is remarkable how High and Low can approximate when both are earnest men. It has come to my knowledge how greatly the great missionary Bishop was impressed with him, and he always had the kindliest feeling towards his Bishop.

CHAPTER II.

SOME EARLY DAYS.

Much of the most impressionable part of my life was spent in Derbyshire, where my father was beneficed for many years. I came to know that beautiful county with some approach to completeness. He lived his own secluded life; but the exploration of the lovely country, so far as I could manage it, was my great delight. The noble houses of Chatsworth, and Haddon, and Hardwick, with the lovely villages adjacent; the long stretches of moorland, with their heather and bilberries; the magnificent scenery of Matlock and the Peak; the secluded dales and the noble Tors; the windings of the Derwent and the Dove through woods, and pastures, and rocky defiles; Buxton, with its healing fountains; the caverns of Castleton; were all explored with the deepest interest, and most of them frequently revisited.

Some of my early recollections relate to two dukes. One is the Duke of Wellington. It is always a matter of self-gratulation that I have seen the Duke. He had come down to a town near my home, which was then the station for Chatsworth, where he was going on a visit to the last Duke of Devonshire. He travelled in his own carriage; I think he would have gone more smoothly and comfortably in a first-class. His carriage was transferred from the rail to the road without disturbing him. I retain a vivid recollection of his appearance, and of the military salute with which he returned our greeting. I have known those who knew him well. He seems to have been a hard man, but assuredly he was a great man. I am so glad that I have seen him.

The other was the old Duke of Cambridge, the father of the present Duke. He happened to be on the platform of our station, returning from some visit. He had Baron Knesebeck with him. A singularly affable and kind-hearted Prince, he entered into conversation with one or two persons on the platform, and I had the honour of a few words with him. Knowing that a royal request would be considered equivalent to a command, I judiciously asked that he

would request a holiday for us. Being head boy, I thought I was within my rights in doing so. His Royal Highness accordingly wrote in his notebook a request that a holiday should be given. Of course the holiday was given, and the head master seemed very pleased. Holidays are always very acceptable to boys, but I believe those who enjoy them most are the masters.

These two dukes remind me of a little anecdote which I lately heard at Chichester. There was a gentleman near that pleasant old city who was very intent on keeping trespassers off his lands, especially at the time of the Goodwood races, when society gets rather mixed. There was one of his servants in whom he could confide absolutely for carrying out his wishes. One day of the races he observed two gentlemen walking along a private road, and his man in the distance grimly waiting to turn them back. He thought he recognised them, and quickened his pace across the field to save them from annoyance. Before he could reach the spot, however, they were peremptorily ordered off, and returned the same way that they came. When he met his man he mildly observed: "Well, John, it's not every gamekeeper

who can say that he has ordered off two dukes, and one of them a royal one."

A man I know has a beautiful garden in north Italy. One day a king, who was making a tour, tried to see it, but, being unprovided with an order, he was repulsed by the faithful servitor.

I remember an absurd incident of my school days. I was being examined in classical geography, and was requested to point out on a blank map the exact position of a certain Roman province. But I shut my eyes very close, and put down my finger at haphazard. I felt very pleased on being complimented on my perfect accuracy.

As a work of an autobiographical character almost warrants youthful reminiscences, I will venture to add some now.

I remember very well, as a schoolboy—how many years ago!—Wombwell's Menagerie coming to the town. It was an evening performance, redolent with gas and orange-peel, and there is always something in gas and orange-peel that takes mightily with young boys. This famous old menagerie was divided into several portions, that travelled simultaneously into different parts of the country. The portion that

visited our town was especially famous for its lions. They were noble beasts, but crowded together in travelling-vans, that were most uncomfortable for them, and not likely to improve their tempers. All round the vans there ran a rope-chain, which was to keep everybody within a reasonable distance of the claws and beaks of the wild creatures. I managed to stoop down and smuggle myself within the other side of the rope, undetected by the keepers. Now there was a magnificent old lion lying down at full length, and stretching a paw beyond the bar of its den. A sudden thought struck me that it would be a rather fine thing to shake hands with that lion. It was by no means the sort of thing to be done every day. To do so would place me in a proud position among the other boys of the town. In a moment I laid my hand on the top of the outstretched lion's paw. It was smooth and somewhat velvety, and the lion was perfectly still, and did not seem to mind it in the least. It was not unlikely that I might have gone on to complete the full operation of hand-shaking. Suddenly, at that moment, I felt the cut of a whip across my face. I instinctively started back with the pain, and looked

round. The keeper who had struck me came up and spoke very civilly, and said that he was sorry to have hurt me, but that in all probability the lion would have torn my hand off, and this was his only way of making me start back. I did not feel so grateful to that man at the moment as I have felt ever since. Thus I was providentially "delivered from the paw of the lion." I always, however, claim for myself the somewhat unique distinction of having shaken hands with a lion.

Ever since then I have taken great interest in everything connected with lions, and never lose an opportunity of viewing a zoological collection at home or abroad. Once I had the great distinction of entertaining a distinguished lion-tamer. I have met one or two great lion-killers, but this lion-tamer was a much more interesting object to me. This lion-tamer, I happened to notice, was a very abstemious man. I asked him about the state of his health, which, he told me, was normally good, but, he added, that he suffered from heart disease. He altogether repudiated the idea that his heart disease was in any way connected with his work among the lions. His mastery of the craft, he told me,

was absolute, and gave him no uneasiness. Still I did not think that this kind of business could be good for this kind of complaint. The influence of his surroundings, unconsciously to himself, might be having a very bad effect upon him. Very many people with heart complaints are liable to faint away through failure of the heart—a circumstance which might be awkward in a lion's den. I tried to persuade him that he would do well to seek another occupation, but with what success I do not know.

I may here mention a remarkable experience with lions, which my friend the late Bishop Hannington related to me in one or two forms. He was out one day in the jungle, with two or three natives, when his attention was attracted by a pretty little fawning creature, like a dog. He took it up in his arms and caressed it. When the natives saw this they gave a howl of terror, and disappeared as fast as they could. He then perceived that he had been handling a lion's cub, and conjectured that the parental pair could not be far off. Presently a lion and a lioness came forth, bristling with fury, and bounded upon him. My friend did not lose his presence of mind. He threw open his umbrella and

rushed upon the lion and lioness, dancing about in a most extraordinary manner, and emitting unearthly yells. The great cats, for to the cat tribe they belong, after all, turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest. That intrepid missionary perished about a year later through wild savages more cruel than wild beasts.

There is a lovely secluded village in Derbyshire, called Ashover, lying in a deep valley, and quite remote from the busy stir of life. The inhabitants were old parishioners of my father's, and received me with much kindness. I remember that, as a lad, I sometimes travelled with the postman in his cart, who took me through hidden lanes and wild reaches of park to deliver his letters at the great houses. With postmen, policemen, and railway porters, I have always sedulously sought to be on good terms, for these men make up a great deal of what may be called outside family life. I remember, as a boy, lying under a tree in an Ashover garden, and reading through the first ten books of the "Paradise Lost." In those early days I first made my acquaintance with the works of Dickens and Thackeray, and later of Macaulay and Tennyson—epoch-making days to

a youngster. Also I put forth boyish rhymes, which found a place in the local paper, and some time afterwards in an Edinburgh magazine.

The Rector of Ashover was a delightful old man, a squarson, who had given up the Rectory House, and resided in the Hall. He had taken to himself a young wife, and the inevitable baby had come. One night the young mother, who was sleeping with her babe in a separate room, was aroused at midnight by the wailing of the child. She got up to look; when she heard a noise at the window. She went to the window and pulled up the blind. Outside the window, on the ledge, stood a burglar, and the face of another burglar was also visible. She caught her child in her arms and rushed to her husband's bedroom, taking the precaution of turning the key in the door. Presently there was a crash through the window, and directly afterwards a crash through the door. She had succeeded in arousing her husband, who had taken up a pistol, and three men entered the bedroom. The aged Rector did not for a moment lose his courage and coolness. He told the burglars to go away, and that if they advanced into the room he should fire. One of the robbers

advanced, and the Rector immediately shot him. The man fell, with a heavy groan, seriously wounded. His comrades beat a precipitate retreat, carrying him with them. They were tracked some distance by the blood, and eventually captured at Birmingham. They were convicted, and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude. The Rector was fully convinced that, but for the crying of the child at that particular moment, the house would have been robbed, and there might have been murder as well. In grateful acknowledgment he put up a stained window in his church, with the motto underneath, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings."

In this village of Ashover there resided, in the days when I used to frequent it, a man known as "the Sherwood Forester," one Spencer Hall. He had seen not only a great deal of the woodlands, but of the world, and to an inexperienced youth, who had seen very little, there was something very attractive in the large, free discourse of a man who had seen very much. After those days I lost sight of him for very many years, and when at the Athenæum Club I was introduced to Mr. Spencer Hall, the librarian, I expected, but in vain, to meet my old friend.

This Mr. Spencer Hall, whom I knew at Ashover, had a great local reputation at one time. If any one knew the Midlands thoroughly, it was he. He had a passionate love of their scenery and associations, and, indeed, wrote many papers and some books on the subject. He was a true disciple of Nature, reminding me much of Wordsworth. He was fond of talking to me about that admirable man, the third Duke of Rutland, who showed him much kindness. He told me how the Duke, when staying at a hunting-lodge, went some miles with his friends to a little school chapel, where there were services in the evening. At home he would offer prayers, read a sermon of Paley's to his servants, and add some practical advice of his own. I remember, in after life, meeting with an old clergyman in Leicestershire, whom the Duke had sought out simply because he had written a good volume of prayers, and presented him with one of his best livings. For a long time Spencer Hall resided at the romantic village of Ashover.

The man who led this quiet, humble life had once been a well-known character in London. He had been one of the first and ablest lecturers in town on the subjects of mesmerism and clairvoyance. He talked

to me a great deal about Lord Carlisle, better known as Lord Morpeth, a most interesting man, and one who had been deeply interested in this order of studies. He impressed upon my mind the fact that Lord Morpeth, and other people of great mental gifts, instead of showing any contempt for clairvoyance—which perhaps I had myself boyishly manifested—were never startled by anything which might be against prejudice or preconception, but carefully examined all the circumstances to see what might be the ascertained facts and the scientific meaning. This was teaching which sunk deep into my memory. As we used to drive through the beautiful Derbyshire valleys, he showed a fine sense of the beauties of Nature and books. He subsided into a country practitioner of homœopathy, in the north country. I renewed the acquaintance for some days, thirty years later, when passing leisurely through that part of the country; but time had wrought one of its deepest chasms; the great charm which he had once possessed had passed, probably succeeded by more sterling qualities.

My sixteenth birthday I spent in London. It was my first visit to town, and the odd thing was,

that the great city gave me no surprise or astonishment; I walked about as if in a dream, with a kind of strange feeling of familiarity. My ancestors for some generations had been Londoners, and I wondered if, by a kind of atavism, there was any inherited tendency that caused London to seem strangely familiar to me. The great city has for me both attraction and repulsion. I always enter London with pleasure, and always leave it with pleasure.

I was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness by a near relative—a cousin by blood and uncle by marriage. I had every advantage which a young fellow could wish to have on coming to town; was taken to all the sights and had a great deal of social festivity. My uncle was a Registrar of the Court of Chancery, a post which my grandfather, according to the bad system of those days, had originally purchased for him for a thousand pounds. It proved a very good investment. He was Registrar for fifty years, and only resigned because he was the senior Registrar, and it was strongly urged upon him by his juniors that he was stopping the flow of promotions. He resigned on full pay, which would not now be permitted, and

lived nearly a quarter of a century afterwards. He died somewhere between ninety and a hundred, having received more than a hundred thousand pounds of the public money. I have seen him quoted as an instance of the abuse of pensions, but I really consider that in his case the pension was well deserved. Among the junior Registrars of his time was Mr. Ralph Disraeli, the Premier's brother, who was afterwards moved on to something still better.

He had some good paintings, several by Constable, a sort of family connexion, and justly prided himself on his cellar. In the dining-room was a portrait of his mother, a handsome face of some power, with a noble expression. Her history was very singular. She had been taken by Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," as a foundling. Mr. Day had her educated with the design of marrying her when she should be grown up. His notion was that she should be brought up on a Spartan system, and accustomed to bear pain and hardship unflinchingly. With this design, he used to drop hot sealing-wax on her delicate arm, and to practise divers other eccentricities. The young lady, when the time came for

marrying, resented this usage and resolutely declined to marry Mr. Day, and married my uncle's father instead. She proved an admirable wife and mother.

My uncle had a great store of recollections. They lay almost entirely in two directions — among the Lord Chancellors and the religious world; meaning by the latter the Low Church party. I had family connexions among the Irvingites, the Holy Apostolic Church, as they describe themselves. I regret that, being so young, I failed to give due attention to his stories. He knew in his youth old John Newton— Cowper's friend, the converted captain of a slaver, and the Rector of St. Mary's Woolnoth. He used to attend his church, and attend religious gatherings at his house. Newton preached when he was very old, and became rather wandering in his discourses. He used to have a man-servant stationed in the pulpit behind him. He would occasionally come to a sudden, complete pause. Once he turned round to his man and said:

"John, what was I talking about?"

"Please, sir," said John, "it was the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Ah, yes, my beloved brethren," said Newton,

"it was the everlasting subject, the Lord Jesus." And he would no doubt tell them, as was his wont, how good He had been to the poor African blasphemer.

When the good people went to Newton's breakfasts, they all hung upon his accents as those of an oracle. Some sounds emerged from those venerated lips. "What did he say?" inquired anxiously one of the audience from the person who was sitting next himself. "He only cleared his throat," was the answer. Then the whisper ran all round the room: "What did he say?" "What did he say?" and the response went the same circuit: "He only cleared his throat," "He only cleared his throat."

My uncle was on the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and he would take me down to their committee meetings—I think, at eight in the morning—when the week's business was transacted at the breakfast-table. The breakfast was strictly limited to tea and toast, but now they breakfast like other people. The business was all laid out for them by the Secretary, and a good hour's work was done, sometimes embracing very long operations of a mixed religious and business-like character. I have since

often partaken of these breakfasts, and have never failed to be interested. Coming away from one of these meetings, I gained an insight into the phenomena of London life, for, rather to my satisfaction, my uncle's pocket was picked — luckily of only a handkerchief. He was intimate with many good men. Two clergymen especially used to be his guests — well-known, but of very different characters — one was Robert Montgomery ("Satan Montgomery," as they used to call him), and John Frederick Maurice. I did not meet either of them, however, at his house, though I came to know something of Maurice later on. I am sorry that Macaulay constantly reprinted his onslaught on Montgomery, who was, indeed, a very poor poet, but a good man, and one who did good work in several directions. He will always be remembered as one of the great benefactors of the Brompton Consumptive Hospital. I met various clerical celebrities; and at Mr. Stanley's, the surgeon, several scientific lights whose names have escaped me. One, I believe, was Sir James Clark. I heard an anecdote of George IV. which had more inaptitude than I have ever heard at a doctor's table, where the anecdotes are generally

good. The King was driving out, and observed a big, ungainly house, and said it might do for a lunatic asylum. And it *was* a lunatic asylum. Such was the absurd climax, or anti-climax. Sir James was very fond of advising young wives in a way which some would think almost unnecessary in these days: "Now, my dear, always keep yourself nice and tidy."

My uncle knew personally a long succession of Chancellors, from Lord Eldon's time down to 1860. He told some not very edifying stories of Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, whose last days were their best. He gave me a striking instance of Lord Eldon's procrastination; I recall the words as closely as I can recollect. An old gentleman rose in Court, and said: "My lord, I am a very old man, and my days are numbered, and I cannot put my earthly affairs in order until this suit, which has been before the Court for many years, is settled. Let me entreat your lordship to give a decision, that I may depart in peace."

"Sir," said Lord Eldon, with great solemnity, "I am very grieved that you have had this anxiety and delay. On Thursday next I will give judgment in the cause."

When Thursday came the old gentleman was there, and the Lord Chancellor was appalled at the sight of him. He bent forward, violently grasping the Registrar: "Not that case, not that case," he said. "Call on the next one." If I recollect the story aright, the old gentleman died with the case still unsettled.

My uncle was so ill-judged as to put some of his savings into some mines which got into trouble and came before the Court of Chancery. He was one of the parties in the cause, and, I believe, lost a large sum. He happened to be the Registrar of the day when his own case came before the Court.

"Is it possible, Mr. B——," said the Chancellor, "that you yourself can be one of the parties in this cause?"

"I am grieved and ashamed, my lord, that such is the case."

"Is it possible that, after all your experience as a Registrar of this Court, that you have become involved in a company case like this?" and the Chancellor held up his hands in astonishment.

I am afraid he was obliged to decide against his Registrar.

For some weeks of that eventful winter I went on to Cambridge, where I had a delightful time. I was taken in by another uncle of mine, who was a distinguished Fellow of a very good college, who gave me college rooms, and entertained me at the high table. There were only one or two Dons at first, but the combination room soon filled up when term had begun. It was a new experience for a lad of sixteen to find himself in the society of such seniors. One of the Fellows was very kind to me. He became Archdeacon Freeman, and his writings are now classics among High Churchmen. There was something about him that was extremely winning and urbane. There was a Senior Fellow, named Nind—a very scholarly and refined man—of whom the report was that he constantly studied in the morning what he should talk about in the evening. However that might be, he talked extremely well. There was a dreadful end awaiting him. There was an alarm of fire in an hotel where he was staying in Paris, and, in a panic of terror, he threw himself out of a window, and was impaled on the spikes beneath.

I found there was a great deal of hospitality going on among the Cambridge Dons, and they were by no

means the awful beings which they seemed at first in the eyes of boys and freshmen. They were extremely good-natured to a youngster like myself—rather a fish out of water in their company. One man to whom I was introduced, and with whom I have preserved a lifelong friendship, was elected to a Fellowship at Queen's. He celebrated the event by a milk-punch supper—a very insidious beverage—but it was partaken of with academic moderation. I expressed to my uncle a desire to see a Senior Wrangler—a being for whom, in school traditions, I was taught to entertain a boundless admiration. I found that I was sitting next to a Senior Wrangler—in fact, I was in a little nest of them. The reverend Senior Wrangler to whom I sat next I met the other day at Eastbourne, and we recalled that mildly festive evening with a perfect recollection. Another Senior Wrangler whom I was delighted to meet was Professor Adams, who, at the same time with Le Verrier, was the discoverer of the planet Neptune. I heard, with startled ears, that he had worked it all out in a mathematical equation, eight hundred pages long. I had been dining at the high table of St. John's with Mr. Bashforth, who had been Second Wrangler in

Adams' year, and, in any other year, would have been Senior. As I had been expressing much curiosity about Adams, he kindly introduced me to him, and we had quite an evening—walks in the grounds, and wine in the rooms. Mr. Bashforth applied himself to the mathematical laws of projectiles, and wrote one or two treatises on the subject. They were quite neglected in England, but, travelling in Germany, he found that they had been translated into German, and were greatly studied. Our own Government eventually gave him an appointment at Woolwich. His books are now text-books on the subject.

I was fortunately introduced to a lady who was almost the head of Cambridge local society, and who was very good to me. In those old days the general society of Cambridge and Oxford was extremely limited. At the present day we have changed all that, and the general society is really too large—of unmanageable proportions. I went to hear Professor Scholefield preach—it must have been towards the end of his time—and I was much impressed by the good old man. I was pointed out a Don of Trinity, of whom the story was told that he was engaged in reading straight through the college library. I think

he was a man who subsequently became a bishop, and told me that he had found out, with a heavy heart, that his episcopal duties gave him no time to continue his old studies. I was introduced to a man who literally did nothing but read all day long, except doing some writing and editing. He said he had no time either for dinner or exercise, and, to balance things, lived entirely on vegetables. He supposed that his living hardly cost him ninepence a day. I have met with several distinguished men of the same persuasion, and also with one who assured me that he never allowed a single drop of fluid to pass his lips. One great man has told me that he believes he has almost mastered the secret of living without any sleep. The morning which I more vividly remember was when, at the end of January, the mathematical class list was posted outside the Senate House. There was a great rush to and fro—a day of excitement and rejoicing; but I think it has been frequently described, and so I will leave it. The glorious destiny was always held up to me that I should become a Cambridge man, a Wrangler, and a Fellow of my college. I could never quite see that this was the best line in life. I have met men who

have been all that, and have told me that their life was misery and disappointment. "Whatever you do in life," said one of them, "don't be a Fellow of a college!" When one of Sir James Stephen's sons went to Todhunter to coach, he said, "Don't come to me for mathematics, but learn how to write English from your father." What with the institution of married Fellows, and the consolidation of Fellowships into Professorships, and the doubled average of undergraduates since my time, and the fall in the value of land, the Fellowships are reduced in number, and the Fellows, instead of being petty kings enjoying sinecures for life, are often turned out into the cold after the lapse of a certain number of years of tenure.

So after this plunge into London and Cambridge society it was rather a fall in life to come back to my school-desk. It was a time that did a great deal in colouring and shaping my life.

CHAPTER III.

SOME SCATTERED EXPERIENCES.

I HAVE had the somewhat rare experience of having belonged to three Universities, and having spread some ten years of my life over them. Many have spent a much longer time at college, or at different colleges in the same University, but it does not fall to every man to go to three Universities. To the present time I try to keep in touch with Oxford and Cambridge, and lose no opportunity of going to both places. As time goes on, however, the circle of one's friends would entirely shrink away unless the old associations were renewed by the young friends and relatives who go up. Very young men are overpowered by the grandeur and the varied interest of their Universities, but these shrink into something very small when compared with London. It is now the case that many Oxford and Cambridge men have

their chief interests and occupations in town. While still in residence they keep terms in the Inns of Court, and spend a large part of their lives in London. The University is not the only nor yet the best chance for a man.

A number of men had gone up from Glasgow College to Oxford and Cambridge, and had done extremely well, and my friends conceived the fond idea that I might follow in their victorious footsteps.

Being now in my seventeenth year, it was thought that I should have more teaching than I was getting at a grammar school, a delusion to be gradually dispelled. Anything more unlike my recent experience of the University of Cambridge could not be found than was presented by the University of Glasgow. It was more like — as I came to see later — the University towns of Bonn and Heidelberg, or what Oxford itself might have been before the time of Walter de Merton. There was not the least attempt at discipline or supervision; no *Censor Morum*, as is the case with unattached students of the two leading English Universities.

It was a perilous position for a young man between sixteen and seventeen. The late Principal Shairp

endeavoured to introduce the Oxford system into St. Andrew's, but the experiment did not succeed. Each student was at absolute liberty, kept what hours he liked, and did just as he pleased. The students were not even fixed to one University. Having attended one set of classes at Glasgow, they might go for another session to Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, or Aberdeen. The moral danger of such unlimited freedom was great, but not so great as might be imagined. Most of the students were extremely poor, and their great object was to pass through the curriculum of the arts and of Divinity Hall, into the ministry of the Church of Scotland, where, unless they became "stickit ministers," they might be tolerably sure of a good maintenance. The Scottish Church has hardly any prizes, but it gives a better maintenance to the general body of the clergy. Their present poverty and their future views in life were great helps to these young men. The course at the Divinity Hall lasted four years, and the result is that the Scottish clergy have a very much larger knowledge of theology, ecclesiastical history, polemical literature, and Hebrew, than the English clergy, who, after their course in arts, may not have had—of

course, with many exceptions—the special training of as many months. It is only such a prolonged training that could equip them for the prolonged sermons to which the Scottish people are so inordinately addicted. It should be added that of late years matters have been greatly amended in the Church of England by theological class lists at the Universities, and by theological colleges.

The college terms of a Scotch University extend, with only a slight break, over six months; leaving the other six months entirely free. This is a very good thing for the Professors, who get an immense holiday and are enabled to travel to any extent. Many of the students work hard, and save up for the expenses of the winter session. One of the Professors has said that he recognised in a young man who was hauling coal to his country-place, one of the students of his class. Of course there are also many students of the best families in Scotland, of wealth and position. There are the Snell bursaries to Balliol, which, I suppose, if every one had his rights would be limited to the members of the Scottish Episcopal Church. These always specially attract a limited number of gentlemanly, scholarly men, who look for a career

through Oxford. It was through this avenue that Archbishop Tait made his way to the front. The Scotch have been extremely good as Latinists, but Greek has been by no means their strong point. Under a succession of able Professors of Greek the study greatly revived at Glasgow. The Professor of my time was Edmund Law Lushington, one of several brothers who seemed to write Greek iambics by a kind of instinct. Lushington has been spoken of in the novels of Thackeray and the verse of Tennyson. It was of him that Tennyson writes:

> And thou art worthy, full of power
> As gentle, liberal-minded, great,
> Consistent, wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly as a flower.

He was married to a sister of Alfred Tennyson. He gave me some taste for Greek which has stood me in good stead. He had what was called a private class in the afternoon, in which he would lecture on a Greek play, or perhaps on Pindar. He considered it the duty which he owed to his office to give us the highest Greek criticism possible, and he gave it. There were only half-a-dozen who understood him, and they didn't. I was not one of the half-dozen. His lectures

struck me as something very consummate, and I can still recollect some of his strictures on Mr. Grote's volumes which were coming out at the time. While he was lecturing on one Greek play, his contemporary Professor at Edinburgh, dear old Blackie, was running through half-a-dozen. I never heard Blackie in his Professor's chair; but in later days after supper, with a few congenial spirits, when the talk set in upon art and criticism, it has been a great delight to me to listen to him.

Having been brought up rather strictly in a remote country house, the becoming suddenly my own master, the introduction to a numerous companionship, the amusements and variety of a big city, and the sudden plunge into all kinds of literary and political discussions, greatly disturbed the quiet student life which I intended for myself. One great restraining element was my love of books. When I first had the use of the University library I felt as when I first saw the ocean. I plunged into every kind and description of reading with an almost unsatisfied voracity. It was some time before I made definite tracks across the ocean and learned to understand something of the depths and currents. I greatly felt the want of a

guide in this miscellaneous literature—a want which is now supplied at Glasgow—and it is to be hoped that the English Universities will have Professors of their own language and literature. I did very little, compared to what I ought to have done in the proper studies of the place, except perhaps in Greek. There was a wonderful charm in getting an approving look from the kindly, gentle Lushington. A friend, while Lushington was lecturing one afternoon, slipped into my hand Tennyson's poems. It was my first acquaintance with Tennyson; one of the most valuable that I ever made. It was the first opportunity that I ever had of reading widely in general literature. I belonged to certain societies—debating, literary, and political. I had some verses and translations in one of the magazines. I managed to introduce myself to the editor of a daily paper, who allowed me to write criticisms and even leaders, but did not feel himself called upon to pay for them. I knew a great number of people, and had the advantage of some excellent introductions.

There was a beautiful house near Glasgow, belonging to the husband of an English lady to whom I had an introduction, who showed me the greatest

kindness. Every now and then I went out and spent a whole day there, with infinite zest and enjoyment. The old gentleman and his brother merchants drank stupendous tumblers of toddy, and the young ladies sang in a style that would have done credit to the Italian Opera. I was never altogether negligent of the proper studies of the place, for I find that I got a prize in Greek and the University Gold Medal for an essay, and the prize for the poem in the logic class; and I, no doubt, thought myself a very clever fellow, but I see now that I made an immense number of blunders and mistakes, and might have disposed of my time and opportunities to much greater advantage. I was unable to try for one of the Snell Exhibitions, as these are limited to natives of Scotland. Some judicious English parents, with Scotch friends and connexions, contrive that their boys shall be born in Scotland, with prescient views on the Snell.

One great charm about Glasgow was that one could so easily get out of it. I remember very well going down to Caldwell, Colonel Mure's place, where one of the sons gave me a pleasant invite. The Colonel was a great scholar who had written a

"History of Greek Literature," and had some rooms fitted up in the style of a Roman dwelling. Young Mure amused me with telling me of a long and trying *tête-à-tête* evening which he had to spend with Lord John Russell in Richmond Park, his sister having married Lord John's stepson. There were then two competing lines to Edinburgh, so that one came frow Glasgow to Edinburgh for eighteenpence, a chance of which some of the students did not fail to avail themselves. One afternoon, in Prince's Street, I met a very tall lady, Catherine Sinclair, the novelist, the daughter of that worthy, Sir George, who had laboured so patriotically for the interests of Scotland. My friend said he should limit his conversation with her to two minutes, as she was very much given to making literary capital out of the people whom she met. I remember running down into Ayrshire, to work up Burns' country, which I found a great help to a Southerner in the understanding of Burns. I remember losing our way in the expedition, and a brother of mine carrying me on his shoulders at midnight across an unknown river. It was a great pleasure, when the spring came on, to run "down the water," as it is called, to

the pretty watering-places on the broad Clyde, and to Loch Lomond, and the lakes only separated from Loch Katrine by moderate walking distances. It was quite a new epoch in my days to visit these Highland lochs, and to read, for the first time, "Rob Roy" and "The Lady of the Lake." Then began my enthusiasm for Scott, whom I place next to Shakespeare. It is one of the worst signs of the present day that young people no longer read Scott. I went some time ago to see Mr. Irving in *Louis XI.*, and, of half-a-dozen people to whom I spoke, not one had read "Quentin Durward." In Glasgow I heard Macready in *Hamlet,* and exchanged a few words with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

Glasgow itself was a boundless field of living interest to me. In those days the college was far away in the East End, in the ancient High Street, with those rememberable gardens behind where Frank Osbaldistone fought with his cousin Rashleigh. Those were days of hard living, recalling rather the stern mediæval scholarship than the Sybarite luxury of these regenerate days. My first class—Lushington's senior Greek—was at half-past seven, and, lodging as I did in the far west, this meant that I had to

dress and breakfast by gaslight, and face the wintry weather while it was still night. That class over, I had Ramsay's senior Latin. Professor Ramsay was a very remarkable man, not happy in his manner with his students, but possessing an energy, wit, and eloquence that made him exceptional. I do not know whether he took any honours when he was at Cambridge, but his knowledge of Latin was simply prodigious. He belonged, indeed, to a family to whom the knowledge of Greek and Latin seemed to come as mother's milk. I afterwards knew something of two of them at Oxford (of course, saturated with University distinctions), one of whom — Sir William Ramsay—is the father of the young lady, fair and wise, who distanced all the Cambridge men of the year in scholarship, and to whom the Queen sent her portrait. Professor Buchanan, whom his students irreverently called "Logic Bob," was a courtly old gentleman with a pleasant bachelor residence at Dunoon. Then for mathematics I went to Professor Blackburn, a brother of Lord Justice Blackburn. I had seen, with great admiration, some of Mrs. Blackburn's sketches, for which she was justly famous. I had an introduction to Professor

(Sir William) Thomson from a Cambridge friend of his; and the Professor, with whom I was intensely impressed, showed me kindness and hospitality.

There was very great enjoyment on the election of Lord Rector for the University at that time, an honorary office, which went by the votes of the students, who voted in "nations," of which there were four. In my time Lord Eglinton, of the "Tournament" renown, was elected Lord Rector, after a sharp contest, and he was greatly gratified at his success. Circumstances connected with the election led me into some correspondence with him, and I mentioned to him the fact that the Irish students had, to a man, voted for him; and in one of his speeches, he said that this was a circumstance that pleased him most of all. Various interesting acquaintances I made in Glasgow, according to my limited opportunities. I was fond of haunting the Broomielaw, and made one or two acquaintances with the sea captains, who had some curious yarns to tell me.

The Anglican clergyman, whose church I was supposed to attend, had succeeded Robert Montgomery at St. Jude's; he was a man of very varied

experience. He told me that he could navigate a vessel over the world, preach an extemporary sermon, and, having taken a medical degree, attend every possible case of disease. I often left him to listen to the extraordinary eloquence of Scotch divines, who manifested the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. I heard John Caird preach in an obscure church the sermon, which he afterwards preached before the Queen and Prince Consort, on "The Religion of Common Life," and thought it by no means one of his best. In his latter sermons he seems very much to have given up the views and feelings of the old times. I have always regarded Caird as the most eloquent man whom I have ever heard. I heard also Candlish, Guthrie, Norman M'Leod—whom I met at his own house—and other Presbyterian lights.

I was told about his preaching his first sermon before the Queen and the Prince. He was sitting in the garden of Crathie Manse, smoking and meditating, when some one came and said that the Queen and the Prince, who were taking an evening walk by themselves, wished to speak to him. His first action was to plunge his face in cold water, so as to get

rid of the tobacco. Presently, when he came into the royal presence, the Queen thanked him for his sermon. "I thank God, and I thank your Majesty!" said M'Leod.

I tried to master the differences between the Established Church, Free Church, and Presbyterian; and after all I cannot, even now, practically see any. At that time I had only the scantiest knowledge of the condition and prospects of the old historical Episcopal Church of Scotland. Many years after I had a great insight given to me on this subject by the late Bishop Suther of Aberdeen. I met the good old man in a London club, to which we both belonged, and we were the only two in the room. The Bishop sipped his toddy and told his story. He spoke of the poverty and privations of the Scottish Church. But now things were all altered for the better. They had now quite doubled the incomes of the bishops, and he had nearly six hundred a year. He told me, with just elation, that the Americans were just finishing their new church in Rome, and, passing over all the English bishops, he had been asked to go and consecrate it, because the American Episcopal Church had derived its

orders not from the English, but from the Scotch bishops. Of course they would pay all his expenses. This church is one of the beautiful creations of Mr. Street, and is far superior to the Anglican church in Rome, which is faulty in many respects. The curious thing is, that in liturgy, music, architecture, and in some degree in doctrine, the Presbyterian churches are now falling back upon the lines of the hated and despised Episcopalian.

Various other Glasgow memories recur to me. There was a charming young fellow, Francis Mackenzie, a son of Lord Meadowbank, a Scotch judge, who died early, and of whom a popular religious memoir has been published. There have been good men whom I have known in the flesh, but could not at all recognise in their biographies; but there is no marring discrepancy in the case of Mackenzie. I had so many young friends or acquaintances who are down on the dead list. "There is one thing," said our family lawyer to me one day, "against which we have to guard, and that is the contingency of the demise." There was one young man who made a great stir in my time—Alexander Smith—whose "Life Drama" has some very powerful passages, and still attracts readers.

He was then doing some chance newspaper work, but happily procured a permanent position as secretary to the University of Edinburgh. I had entrusted to me, in MS., a poem on Glasgow itself, "To a City," which is certainly the finest of his lyrics. Everybody was taking him up. He went to stay with a literary duke, and the literary duke disgusted him very much by giving him raspberry vinegar at dinner. I remember his coming to breakfast with me one morning; but I cannot say that I was much impressed—probably through my own density—either with the man or his writings. There were two brothers named Galbraith, from Stranraer. One swept Glasgow College of all its prizes, and, having gone to Balliol, would probably have done the same at Oxford, but died of sheer brain exhaustion, brought on by excessive study—the rock ahead of so many who neglect the most obvious laws of human life. The other attained the honourable office of Sheriff of Glasgow. One man, with whom I became very intimate, was Charles Bell. He had great physical power, but not much constitutional strength. He was a man who would put challenges in a sporting paper to walk so many miles in so many hours. He did not very well

know what to do with himself, and happening to see that a civil appointment at Hong Kong was thrown open to those who could pass an examination in the Chinese, having a few weeks before him, he set to work to learn what he could of the language in the time. When the day of examination came on, he found that there was only one other candidate. But while my friend knew next to nothing, the other man really knew nothing at all. Bell had got into the verbs, but the other man was still left in the adjectives. I missed seeing my friend before I went abroad. I called at his address—I think in Kensington Palace Gardens — and the footman said, with the air of announcing that he had only gone round the corner, and would be back in a minute or two, "Mr. Bell is not at home just now; he has gone out. If you please, sir, he is in China," apparently with the idea that China might be somewhere round the corner. He married a sister of the Earl of Mar, the question of whose peerage was one of great legal and historical interest, and which was happily set right by a new creation of the Queen. Years afterwards I met Lord Mar in London, and he told me the fate of my old friend. Both he and his wife were dead.

In spite of his great muscular strength, he had succumbed at once to a first attack of a fever.

This was very nearly my own case at Glasgow. I had gone to a fine Roman Catholic church in a poor neighbourhood, and it is supposed that I took the germs of typhus among the crowded Irish poor. I had this typhus fever in its most malignant form, and it is a great wonder how I ever got over it. I was nursed with the tenderest care in the house of the kind, good people with whom I was residing. Two eminent Professors in the Medical School of the University attended me, with that kindness and generosity that are ever such a distinguishing characteristic of medical men. To the present day I retain the dim, awful recollection of tremendous suffering. It was also the time of a great mental crisis. I began to give up my ideas of political or barristerial life, and to think seriously of taking to the Church as a profession. I was very much shaken by illness, and intermitted a year in my Scottish course.

My literary tastes very much led me in the direction of history. The modern historians with whom I was most conversant were Macaulay and Alison. I thought I should very much like to meet

these two men, and this happened without difficulty. Being in London, and recollecting that Macaulay had lately been our Lord Rector, I summoned up courage to call on him at the "Albany" to ask him for an order of admission to the House of Commons. His face had a heavy expression, and it failed to light up as it generally did. He asked me for what evening he should give me the order, and I expect he thought me very stupid when I replied I really did not care what date he made it for. The House of Commons was not really in my thoughts at the time. I just wanted to see and speak to Macaulay. I was like the man who went from Spain to Rome to see Livy, and when he saw him said, "Vidi tantum," and went back again to Spain at once. Some time later I had a great idea of bringing out a little volume of "Historical Tractates," and I sent him a prospectus. He wrote back kindly, asking that a copy might be sent to him. A curious incident is associated with that letter. I met with a man who professed to read character by the handwriting; to him I showed Macaulay's letter, placing my hand very carefully over the signature to conceal it. This gentleman

took a very unfavourable view of the handwriting. Was it the hand of a man of genius? Certainly not. Of a scholar? No. Of a gentleman? No. There was nothing remarkable about it, he declared; it was an ordinary and unfavourable hand. "And now, my friend," I said, "will you oblige me by looking at the signature?" And that man certainly was a little dumbfoundered when he read the signature of "T. B. Macaulay."

I procured an introduction to Alison from a near relation of his, whom I met in a country house in England. I had a very civil letter from him, in which he hoped to name a day when I should dine with him at Possil House. But nothing came of it. To the best of my recollection, I met him once, but he did not impress me as did Macaulay. He was called the Sheriff, and used to try cases. I was in his Court when he fined a man ten pounds for stealing a watch, which struck me as a very unusual sentence for a felony. He used to go to a large second-hand bookseller's shop which I was fond of haunting. One day he bought an edition, in some half a hundred volumes, of the "British Essayists" or "British Novelists;" and the bookseller told me

that he stipulated with him that the parcel should not be sent home, but that he should call and carry the books away gradually, by twos and threes, in his pockets—I suppose for domestic reasons.

I became a kind of Scotchman among the Scotch, and the thought occurred to me at times that I might as well take a degree there, and settle down for good in that glorious land. I am not at all sure that it would not have been for the best. But my father had taken a great dislike to Scotch degrees, and, in fact, my friends had entered me at one of the Cambridge colleges. I have a great admiration and love for the Scotch. The popular notion about them, among my English friends, about their prudence and their canniness, needed much revision, for they are enthusiastic, generous, and hospitable even to a fault. They are cool, industrious, frugal, clear-headed, persevering, and, wherever they go, they come to the front, as surely as oil comes to the top of water. I believe that, at the present time, India is practically governed by the sons of Scottish lairds. I remember an old friend, now an eminent Glasgow Professor, telling me that, with one Scotchman (Gladstone) as Premier, and another (Tait) as Bishop

of London, Scotland was beginning to assert her place. Yet it is curious to read how obstinately Scotland fought against that amalgamation with England which made her rich, and opened to her the high places of the earth. For many years the Repeal of the Union was a great cry for the Scottish nationality.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

I DO not propose to say much on the subject of my University experiences in England. It is as well perhaps I should at once confess the reason, which is a very simple one. It has so happened that for many years, in various forms, I have had to deal in print with University subjects, and to such an extent that I should run the risk of repeating matter with which the reader may possibly be acquainted.* My present chapter therefore will be brief; but even within brief limits I am afraid that I may not altogether be able to avoid some possible repetition. Of the ten years that I spent at the three Universities, the time at Oxford was by far the most fruitful and

* I wrote a work for a publishing house on Oxford and Cambridge; articles for the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" a college story; papers in periodicals, *Temple Bar*, *Leisure Hour*, *All the Year Round*, etc. So I have elsewhere fully said my say on the subject.

interesting. I am afraid I made considerable mistakes in my Oxford course. I gave myself up to much desultory reading in theology, politics, and literature, greatly to the detriment of my progress in the proper studies of the place. I do not wish to speak with any severity of that desultory reading which is the common fault of all men who are worth anything. I do not, for instance, see how men can hope to do anything in politics and literature unless they have developed and cultivated a taste for these pursuits in their early days. But of all possible reading I am convinced that the Oxford course for honours in classics is, after all, the most elevated and stimulating kind of education. The greatest benefit that Oxford conferred on me was the becoming acquainted with great authors and great thoughts, which but for the Oxford course I should have never known. Nothing can compensate a man for the loss of the great masterpieces of antiquity. I would vehemently impress upon my younger friends the immense advantage of seeking to reap the full benefits of the Oxford course. Other studies can be carried on at any time or any place, but the studies of these three years at Oxford stand especially apart in our intellectual life.

It is very interesting to look back over the long years to the old days, and to watch the varied fortunes of one's contemporaries. I divide the men I knew into three classes—the men who have gone up, the men who have gone down, and the men who have gone over to the majority. It is very pleasant to contemplate the first class. Those are the men who have become Cabinet Ministers, and bishops, and judges, and fashionable physicians, world-known men of letters as authors and journalists. It is a great pleasure to feel that there have been links of association with such men. Still more touching is it to remember those who have passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace." In their case one never loses that intimacy and friendship which is unavoidable with many old friends, whom paths in life sunder widely. Those whom the gods love die young, and to me it seems that the best and highest and purest spirits that I have known are those that have been saved earliest from the conflicts of the outer and the inner life. Every man comes in time to keep his "dead list," as he knows, or hears, or sees in the obituaries the departure, the exodus of old friends, and the circle of friendship narrowing year by year. If

I might commemorate "as in private duty bound," one special Oxford friend, it is King Smith, a name forgotten now, but once much known in Oxford, and beginning to be known as a clergyman and writer, and orator in the world of London, before he was called away by an early death. There was no man who shone more in talk at a Oxford table than King Smith. He was a man who always talked in epigram and repartee, exhibiting, however, an immense knowledge for his years, and an astonishing force and fertility of intellect.

There is a still sadder list than those who have died, or rather who are living, in happier, intenser life. There are those who have gone utterly, in Oxford parlance, to "the bad," "to the bow-wows," as the young fellows say. The number of conspicuous failures is about equal to that of the conspicuous successes. The failures are very sad. There used to be a man hanging about the Strand, earning a precarious livelihood by holding horses, whom I once knew under the care of an Oxford tutor, with every chance in life in his favour. An old Oxford friend has turned billiard-marker. Another man died in a hospital. I believe there are

several that are cab-drivers. The father of an Oxford friend, who entertained his son's companions sumptuously, suffers a long sentence of penal servitude. And there are much stranger cases than these. I have known men, notoriously bad, who seemed irretrievably lost, who by some mighty effort, surely not without supernatural aid, have righted themselves; have cast away the chain of evil habits, and have done admirable service to the world. On the other hand, I have known those who have struck out beyond their fellows, and attained eminence in public life, who have been overtaken by some giant error, and made shipwreck of character and hope. There have been several Oxford men who, while living in the odour of sanctity—having attained, or been within measurable length of attaining, very high distinction in their professions — have been utterly lost. In nearly all such cases, whatever may have been the predisposing or surrounding circumstances, the most obvious cause of the degradation was drink. In old Aristotelean language the ἀκρατεῖς became ἀκολάστοι—intemperance the cause.

I knew one Oxford man, a journalist and author, a barrister, and member of the Reform Club, one who

once offered himself for election to a constituency, forfeit friends and connections by falling into drunken habits. One day I met him in Regent Street, crying like a child.

"I have been to see the doctor," he explained, "and he tells me that I cannot live. I left his prescription on the table. I wish you would get his prescription and ask his opinion about me."

The doctor lived close by. I obtained the prescription, and had a little talk with him about my friend.

"He made a mistake," said the doctor. "I did not tell him that he would die of this illness. I told him that he would die unless he left off his habit of drink, and I am afraid that he is a man not at all likely to leave off these bad habits. He may take his glass of wine or beer at meal times; but he is a man who is in the habit of 'nipping,' which is fatal."

The poor fellow was overjoyed when he found that he had mistaken the opinion of the doctor. He vowed that he would be a total abstainer. He would not even touch the permitted glass. He kept his word for a time, though he lost a stone in weight

during his first week of abstinence. Some six months later I met him in some part of Regent Street. He said he had been spending the morning with a jovial company of friends, and that they had consumed an immense quantity of alcohol among them. I was intensely annoyed, and I denounced him to his face as a fool. "I am a fool," he admitted, adding the strongest possible epithet to the appellation. Some months afterwards I met him near the British Museum, looking very ill and very seedy. He borrowed half-a-crown, and said that he could not get food, letting alone the drink. I did not see him again, and sometime afterwards, on making inquiries, found that he was dead. Those who know the mysteries and the frightful possibilities of evil in our nature and around us, may well learn to tremble and watch. There is not so much guarantee as may be thought in a prosperous past for a prosperous ending.

> Death only binds us fast
> To the bright shore of love.

Let me come more into some details about the old college days. I had an academical year at Cambridge. I went to Cambridge because it had always

been the family notion that I was to go to Cambridge, with little aptitude for its high mathematics or severe scholarship. I was glad, as soon as I could, to effect a migration to the more congenial atmosphere of Oxford. At the small Cambridge college where I was, I knew two men who subsequently became bishops. One of them for fifteen years braved the malarious climate of Sierra Leone, from which other bishops had fled in dismay. There were several men of the college at the time who attained to literary eminence. Two of them I knew—Calverley and Skeat. There was another man who impressed me much—Professor Seeley. Later came Besant, the novelist, though I did not know him. I am under great obligations to Mr. Seeley, especially for his "Life of Stein," though the descent from "Ecce Homo" to the "Natural Theology" is most disappointing.

I have always retained some especially pleasing and grateful recollections of the intercourse which I had with Calverley. He was an Oxford man, who had migrated to Cambridge, but without being allowed any benefit from his Oxford terms, and I, a Cambridge man, afterwards migrated to Oxford. I was a freshman, and Calverley was in his second year; and

at Cambridge colleges there is a gulf—at least, there was in my time—which is beyond the power of human language to describe, between first and second year men. This was intensified in Calverley's position towards his juniors by his previous Oxford experience and his unique position at college. For, to use a popular term, Calverley might have been called the King of the College. I know that at the Master's Lodge, on the occasion of an evening party, when the dark wainscoted rooms were crowded with a large gathering, I considered that Calverley was in every way a much more interesting man than the Master; nor was I solitary in my opinion.

The principal associations which I connect with Calverley—at least in those days—were a cutty-pipe, a curly-tailed terrier, and a pewter pot. Both in Latin and English verse, both by precept and example, he celebrated the praises of beer. Gradually there stole upon you the sense of the enormous brain-power by which he was distinguished from other men.

The tutor of Christ's College, the Rev. W. M. Gunson, was a scholar ripe and good, who had greatly raised the standard of scholarship at Christ's College,

and, indeed, was a man whose influence was beneficially felt throughout the University. Many will recollect his not unpleasing North-country burr, and his pleasant, scholarly aspect. There was something very unhappy in his case at the last. From a morbid sensitiveness he declined the Mastership of the college, and was found drowned, it was feared by his own act. At this date he was at the zenith of a high University reputation. He told me one day that I should be surprised at what he was going to say, but he really preferred Calverley's Latin verse to Horace's. His Latin was as good as Horace's, and he had a peculiar feeling and beauty of style which Horace did not possess. When Calverley sat down to write Latin verse, he simply took pen and paper, without using any books for reference and help. Similarly, when he read Aristophanes, he had nothing but Dindorf's "Poetæ Scenici Græci" before him, which he enjoyed as much as he did "Pickwick," which he knew almost by heart. We all believed that there was nothing which he could not do if he chose. Unfortunately Calverley did not choose to work. He read Greek and Latin as he might read English fiction—for his amusement; but there is a certain amount of hard

study, without which Pericles himself could not have hoped to be at the head of the classical tripos. His friends saw that he had given up severe study as out of his line—if it had ever been in it. One day I said to him:

"Well, Calverley, you will not be Senior Classic."

"Who will?"

"Brown."

"Who's Brown?" This with some little scorn.

Brown was Senior Classic, and Calverley only second—a very fine degree, but one which we thought might with a little effort have been higher.

On one occasion I took what we used to call "a rise" out of Calverley. It had so happened that I had gone into his room and found it empty. A sheet of white foolscap was lying on the table, half-way covered with Latin poetry. One line struck my eye and pleased me very much—

Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli.

In fact, I do not think that I read any other line. Going next into a room on the ground-floor of the near staircase, there were a lot of men, and Calverley among them. The talk happened to be on the subject

of weird and eerie things. I, or some other man, spoke of mysterious harp-like sounds that we fancy are heard at times in solitary places.

"Yes," I said, "that is an old idea found even amongst Latin poets. Do you remember this line?

Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli."

Calverley looked very puzzled, and said:

"Would you mind repeating that line again, old man?"

I accordingly repeated it.

By-and-by Calverley moved across the room, and looked at me very earnestly, and said:

"Do you know, I really thought I had composed that line myself. Can you tell me where it comes from?"

"It is your own line, Calverley," I answered. "I happened to go into your room just now—you will find my card—and, hardly knowing what I was doing, I looked at some Latin lines lying on the table, and that was one which pleased me very much."

Calverley's Latin lines were always admirable. The ordinary writers of Latin verse must always

contemplate them with admiring despair. Perhaps the most popular of his Latin verses was the Tripos Latin poem, "Carmen Seculare," which he wrote one year. It was customary for the Vice-Chancellor to give a pair of gloves to the writer of such lines. Calverley, as I have been informed, asked for, and obtained, a pair of boxing-gloves from the Vice. Many of the lines of his poems have passed almost into proverbs at Cambridge. His description of the youth who was going to set the Cam on fire and "junior optimus exit;" of the more fortunate youth:

> Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
> Tu rixator eris.

Wrangler = rixator; the youth who goes to green fields, not of the country, but of the billiard-table, "pollicitus meliora patri;" the translation of "unmentionables," "Crurum non enarrabile tegmen;" the warning to the lad who runs up bills at Bacon's the tobacconist:

> O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi.
> Manillas vocat; hoc prætextat nomine caules."

But the whole poem overflows with fun which has amused many of the fast-fleeting generations of

the University. Calverley, too, was an admirable punster. Mr. Pain, the novelist, in his "Literary Recollections," tells the story that when he was left behind in a mountain excursion, Calverley quoted the line, "The labour we delight in physics Pain."

One evening one or two of us strolled down with Calverley to the Cambridge railway station. There was a very pretty girl serving at the refreshment bar, and one of the men went up and asked her at what time the Northern train came in. "Now," said Calverley, somewhat severely, to his companion, "if you come to think of it, that's a sort of lie, you know."

I found when I went to Oxford that Blaydes was a tradition and the name of Calverley unknown. The author of "Alice in Wonderland" took me by the little path and showed me the forked tree through which Calverley took his dangerous and daring leap. It is not likely to be repeated, for this path, which used to be the short cut to the boats, is now entirely shut up, since the Dean of Christ Church has laid out his new path from the Broad Walk. I asked him once how he came to change his name to Calverley. He answered *naïvely* that all his family

had found out that they had been using the wrong name for a great many years. The change of name concurred opportunely with the change of University. I once asked him the exact circumstances under which he had left Oxford. The story was that, having got into trouble once or twice about climbing walls, he was warned about the very unpleasant consequences that would ensue if he was found doing it again. Alas! a tempting opportunity arose one night, and the forbidden climb was achieved. Calverley had no desire to hurt the feelings of the authority. It was only his playfulness. He only wanted his joke and his jump.

It is greatly to be regretted that Calverley never attempted any more serious work that would have brought out his great ability and large knowledge. The best-known pieces of his lyric verse are, no doubt, the light Cambridge pieces, and here he ought to be compared with his contemporary, Sir George Trevelyan, the statesman, whose "Horace in Athens" is most delicious fooling. Sir G. Trevelyan says in a note to his poem, that its lines, dealing not very respectfully with the Trinity Dons, were the dearest thing he ever composed, for they cost him

a fellowship. On this point, however, Sir G. Trevelyan was quite mistaken. A Trinity fellowship is rarely ever given to a man on his first competition. He might have made quite safe for it on his second or third trial. He would have commanded it by his own merits, and the Fellows would have been glad to welcome a worthy nephew of Macaulay's into their society. Sir G. Trevelyan has since won great honour in literature and politics. Calverley's ability and scholarship might have earned him, perhaps, no less distinguished a position. The only subject to which he deliberately applied his mind was that of translation. He studied it as an art, and as an art he published several gems of criticism on it.

A selection of hymns, bearing the title of the "Hymnary," appeared some years ago under the editorship of Canon Cooke, of Chester, and of the Rev. Benjamin Webb. Mr. Webb was the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Well Street, and for years the editor of the *Church of England Quarterly Review*. The collection is not very well known, but it is used in some thirty or forty churches, generally of a somewhat advanced Ritualistic type. In this collection there are no less than nineteen hymns attributed

in the index to C. Stuart Calverley. They are all of them written in a vein of almost ecstatic piety. Those who only knew Calverley by his lighter verse, must have been rather struck by the violence of the contrast. Mr. Sendall, in his memorial volume, states the fact, which is not to be gathered from the "Hymnary" itself, that these are all translations from ancient sources. They are not so successful, as translations, as the wonderful translations of John Mason Neale, but they bring out his former skill as a translator, on higher themes than had ever before occupied his pen, and will form a touching memorial of his name and work. He was not the man to undertake such subjects unless he deeply felt them. Going back to my own recollections, he always seemed to me one of the happiest and most charming men possible, at perfect ease with himself and all his surroundings, in the perfection of bodily and intellectual strength. His great charm was his perfect unconsciousness. He was free from the slightest touch of vanity or assumption, apparently quite unaware of there being anything remarkable about himself.

I remember at Cambridge dining in hall one day

with a bishop who was a former Master. He was a very kindly bishop—the Bishop of C——. He was about the kindest-hearted man that ever lived; perhaps Bathurst, of Norwich, nearly resembled him. Perhaps they both carried kindness to the verge of laxity. Such error, however, leans to virtue's side. Bishop Wilberforce once said: "You have heard of the milk of human kindness, but unless you know the Bishop of C——, you do not know the old cow from whom the milk comes."

The day when he dined with us was a bright day, or "gaudy" day, and he was one of the honoured guests of the evening. Some big Don rose to propose his health.

"I drink," said the Don, "to the Bishop of C——, and, I will add, to the future Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the Bishop of C——, and there was a tone of genuine distress in his voice, which was unmistakable. I expect that he was about the last prelate who would have desired such a distinction.

On one occasion he put one of his youngsters into the corner. This mildest kind of penalty usually

suited the Bishop. But he could not bear that even this penalty should be endured for long.

"You may come out of the corner, Dicky," said the Bishop.

"Shan't," says Dicky.

"Oh, do come out, Dicky."

"Shan't, I tell you."

"I will give you a shilling if you will come out."

"I shan't come out for a shilling."

"I'll make it eighteen-pence." And for eighteen-pence Dicky consented to come out.

He was the very pink of courtesy and good manners. The Prince Consort used to say that he was the finest gentleman in Cambridge. If he went to officiate at a church, he shook hands with the churchwarden, took off his hat to the pew-opener, and was kind all round. As he was getting into his carriage after service, he said to the Rector:

"I have quite forgotten that nice, pleasant, honest man, your sexton, who was so attentive. I must just go back and shake hands with him."

"I am sorry to say, my lord," said the Rector, "that he is a man not at all deserving of your kind condescension."

"Indeed!" said the Bishop. "What is it? Nothing serious, I hope."

"Only this, my lord; the man is continually drunk, and I am obliged now to be on the look-out for a new sexton."

"Oh, I must just run in and shake hands with him." Then the Bishop resumed his seat. "I am very glad," he said, as he did so, "that there is nothing serious against the poor fellow."

I was placed at my Oxford college under the tutorial care of Osborne Gordon, about whom I cannot speak without a measure of affection and respect. I think the ordinary rule is that undergraduates should trouble the tutors and tutors should trouble the undergraduates as little as possible. But Osborne Gordon sought me out in my rooms, volunteered to give me all the tuition, and in various ways showed me kindness. Under a careless and sarcastic manner he hid much deep feeling. A great wave of religious doubt passed over the University in my time, and I remember Gordon speaking of these matters in a very touching tone. He was a marvellous scholar. An old school-fellow of his told me that when they were at school together, the head master used to look to the precocious

boy to trace out the history of a word or to find parallel passages from different authors.

Another wonderful scholar was John Connington, a man of profoundly religious character. He had recently been made Professor of Latin. He was perhaps the best Greek scholar in the University, but according to the inverted way in which things are done at Oxford and elsewhere, he was made, not Professor of Greek, but Professor of Latin. He was one of the marvellous boys of the Connop Thirlwall and John Stuart Mill and Osborne Gordon order. By the time he was eight years old he could repeat a thousand lines of Virgil at once, and he was known at Oxford as the man who could repeat by rote all the tragedies of Æschylus. He led a quiet, silent, self-concentrated life. He was one of the great Linwood's pupils, and excelled, like Linwood, in the art of translation. His was, for the most part—except for his translations, which have become classical—a purely academic fame. Connington had a brother Francis, a Fellow of Corpus, who, in the opinion of many, was the more remarkable man of the two brothers. He kept a room in Gray's Inn, where I have met him. His unsigned articles on natural science subjects in the London periodicals

possessed the highest order of merit. There was a considerable likeness, amid unlikeness, between Connington and Gordon. The undergraduates used to call one the "sickly crow," and the other the "debauched raven." Such is a specimen of the irreverent undergraduates' humour of those days. As I have said, Gordon's kindness was very great. I mentioned to him a friend, a poor Scottish student, who had been highest in Lushington's Senior Greek Class, and who thought he might do something for himself at Oxford. Mr. Gordon tried to make things easy for him, and he stood, though unsuccessfully, for a Lincoln scholarship. The Scottish University system did not harmonise with the English. My friend was probably very good at one or two subjects, but he was wanting in the all-round character of English scholarship. I have heard instances in his parish of East Hampstead, of his generously bringing forward poor lads in life.

The last time I saw him was on the steps of Tom Quad. "You must now go in for a fellowship at All Souls," he said. It so happened, however, that I elected to go in for a fellowship of a different description. I had mentioned to him three men who

had just got All Souls' fellowships, as Ability, Nobility, and Debility. He characteristically vindicated the "Nobility" choice, and said that the noble cadet was a man who really deserved the fellowship. I never saw him again, though I heard from him on several occasions.

He had been tutor to a great number of public men, among them Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Coventry, and many more. Perhaps he had a weakness for men of rank, and it is well if men have no worse weaknesses. But his real kindness flowed out towards the humblest scholar in the Great House. Dr. Sandford, the present Bishop of Gibraltar, was also a most effective tutor, driving "a fast team" in high subjects. After the lapse of many years I lately met Sandford again, as he was doing his episcopal work among the English congregations on the shores of the Mediterranean. As another instance of the kindness and conscientiousness of tutors, I may mention that a college mathematical tutor, feeling himself hardly able to do justice to a very able mathematical man, insisted on paying his fees with the best private tutor in the University.

O. G. sent for a man to produce his dog, concerning which there were some rumours. The man brought an extremely diminutive toy terrier. O. G. eyed it grimly, and said: "Put it in your waistcoat pocket, and say nothing about it." There was one man who had an unfortunate dog called Clinker, who was much given to ablutions, and was also a very affectionate animal. Clinker was much given to a morning bath in Mercury, a basin of water in the centre of Tom Quad, so called because there was formerly a statue of Mercury there, with which were associated various legends and traditions. It was a great Church festival one day, one of those days when the men came out in the purest of white surplices, the canons in full canonicals, and all was beautiful to behold. There was then a canon of the name of Bull—the last of the canons under the old system—a very appropriate name, for he was a genuine John Bull in nature, as well as name. With him Clinker may be supposed to have formed some transitory acquaintance, as is the manner of dogs and men. "To him, Clinker!" as they say at the play. The dog, having just had his wash, and obeying the instincts of his sensitive affection, jumped all over

the venerable canon, greatly to the detriment of his ecclesiastical toggery, and the discomfiture of his peace of mind. The owner of Clinker was very nervous lest he should be visited for the offences of his quadruped. He conceived the ingenious idea that if he shaved Clinker, and painted him a peculiar colour, which would make him resemble an entirely different animal, that would be an effective mode of avoiding detection and penalty. I am sorry to say that the plan was not successful, and both Clinker and his master came to sorrow. This transaction had not the result of improving the general relations between the canons and the canines.

I was much struck with the great difference of tone there was to be found among the undergraduates. One met with some of the best society, and also some of the worst in the world. The men were roughly divided as reading men and feeding men. The reading man might take his crust and his glass of water for lunch, but the feeding man always preferred his *epulæ lautiores.* Occasionally these men would only show themselves at hall to be marked, and would get their dinners at hotels, or elsewhere. Sometimes banquets were introduced

into the house from pastry-cooks in the town. Occasionally these good things were seized at the gate and confiscated, and carried off to some old women, who lived in some alms-houses not far off. Sometimes these men gave a great deal of trouble, and their movements had to be watched.

There were stern and salutary rules to prevent men running up to town except permission were granted for valid reasons. No reasons were too flimsy to allege. One man applied for leave because he wanted to have his hair cut. It was either he or some other man who came away from O. G. saying that he had never had his hair brushed so roughly before. The difficulty about going to town was made much greater when it was the Derby Day. Some men came to terrible grief about the Derby Day, being rusticated for a long term, or even expelled. If a man could not get to London, it was thought a good thing to bring London down to Oxford, so one of the undergrads received Tom Sayers, or Aaron Jones, or whatever was the name of the celebrated pugilist in question.

The men of that day who were considered fast had the generic name of "ratcatchers," probably

because they might at times have been engaged in earnest converse with men who carried cages full of rats, while expectant terriers howled at their heels. There was at that time a Mr. Luker who attended to this branch of business, and who was more generally known as "filthy Lucre," or more briefly as the "filthy one."

On the other hand, you might find some of the best intellectual society in Oxford among young men who had not taken their degree. There were breakfasts, for instance, when one could not fail to learn much, when the last great speech, or book, or poem, or picture would be discussed; when some had much to tell of the best scenery, and others of the best society in the world; when you found yourself among members of historic houses, and in touch with all the great interests of the time. There was any number of societies for the keen conflict of wits. I suppose every college had its debating society and its Shakespeare society. Then there were metaphysical societies and literary societies. Of course, the largest society of all was the Union, an arena that has trained many great speakers in our modern history. The clubs at Oxford were rather numerous. There was

one club of a decidedly Bohemian character, of which Edwin Arnold (of *Daily Telegraph* reputation), Henry Kingsley, and others, were leading members. Mr. Arnold scored a genuine success by his prize poem of "Belshazzar," and the wonderful way in which he recited it. The first rule of this society was a very good one: "That this society shall, on no possible pretence, transact any business whatsoever."

It used to be a pleasant sight to see these Peck-over men hie away across quad in their surplices before the Cathedral bell should cease, and the men prick down their names. From all other recesses of the House came the ever trooping feet, to avoid being sent for by the Censor and "slanged." It was a marvellous circumstance how a man could be fast asleep in bed at five minutes to eight, and at eight o'clock be in his place at the Cathedral. We may be sure that the surplice, like Charity, covered a multitude of sins. It was curious, too, to observe how variously delinquencies in the matter of chapel attendance were visited. It seemed desirable, in the first instance, to establish rather a bad name for chapel-going, and then, when you came to attend, say, a majority of times, it was counted to your credit. On

the other hand, a severely virtuous man, who had not missed a chapel for weeks, stayed away one morning, and was sent for by the Censor and "slanged" to any extent. There was one very quaint and interesting circumstance about the college services at the Cathedral: they were in Latin—I believe the only church in England in which the Liturgy was said in Latin. I believe the service really helped to teach men Latin as well as inculcate devotion. It was an historical reliquary which kept up the connection between the Latin and Anglican Churches. Besides the two full Cathedral services of each day, at nine o'clock in the evening there was a second Latin service; but I was never able to discover who attended them. I never did. I believe men who had deserved censure were told by the Censors to attend these second Latin services. Marvellous stories were told of the comparative rapidity with which different chaplains could get through them. One was that a chaplain disappeared from a wine party for a few minutes, and would come back and say that he had performed the service. Another was that, by an express reader, the service might be said before Great Tom had ceased to toll a hundred and one, so that a

man might get out of college before the gates were shut.

The *vivâ voce* examinations at Oxford are of a special interest. Of course, most of their associations belong to passmen, who, in these days, are ploughed so unmercifully that "a plough" seems to have lost altogether that notion of misfortune and discredit which at one time deservedly attached to it. In some of the higher examinations there is a peculiar interest in the conflict of wits between the examiners and the examinees. Sometimes the examiners have themselves very trying times. A friend of mine was telling one of the examiners, who was also his college tutor, that he found it a dreadful "grind" getting up the irregular verbs and other irregular forms for Smalls. "If it is any consolation to you," said the examiner, "I may tell you that I have been grinding away myself at them for six months, in order to set questions." I knew a man under examination in the Modern History School, and the examiner came up to him at the Union, and said that he was unacquainted with one of the books which he had brought, and could he stay in Oxford a little longer to give the examiner time to get up the subject sufficiently to set

him a paper of questions? Now this is what a Cambridge Don could by no possibility have done.

Examiners have sometimes reason to get nervous. When the present Lord Justice Bowen went in for his final schools, he was already a Fellow of Balliol, and there was a great crowd of Dons to witness the *vivâ voce*. The impression was that the examiners were as much on their trial as the examinee. When Malan, the Swiss scholar, went up for examination, he told the amazed examiners that his English was not very good, and would they kindly examine him in Latin, French, or German? There was a most excellent fellow, Philip Pusey, accredited with the possession of remarkable erudition, and, at the same time, eccentric in his way, who, if any thought suggested itself to his mind, would mention it to the examiners, asking their opinions and taking their sentiments generally. He was, with some difficulty, brought to understand that, during an examination, it was his duty to answer questions and theirs to put them. A very clever undergraduate was one day being examined by a rather nervous examiner. His question did not come out clear and sharp as it should have done.

"Excuse me," said the young man, with a pitying

smile, "I think that what you wished to ask me was 'so and so.'"

There was a story told of a promising youth who left one of the small colleges by the royal road of getting a scholarship at Balliol. He called on the head of his first college and apologised for leaving it. "But you must be aware," he said, "that the lectures at the college are not at all up to the mark."

There was one very good scholar who was set down to construe a few verses in the twenty-seventh of Acts (the account of St. Paul's shipwreck), and, in spite of the remonstrances of the examiners, persisted in translating to the end of the chapter. He excused himself by saying that he was most anxious to know what became of Paul.

After I had finished my terms, and before I took my degree, the Prince of Wales came into residence. The President of the Union called on me one day and said that the Prince of Wales wished to hear me speak at the Union. Accordingly, I said that I would speak the next debating evening about nine, and the Prince, with a number of his friends, came to hear me. I inflicted on him a speech of about

an hour, on the subject of "Universal Suffrage," which he bore with exemplary patience; indeed, I got some sort of civil message from him. My final examination was in the School of Law and Modern History. In this examination I found that my love of desultory reading had really done me a good turn. In reading my subjects it had been a matter of interest and amusement to me to look up the authorities quoted. The authorities frequently repeated one another and perpetuated mistakes. The best plan was to get, if possible, at original documents. One of the books I took up was Ranke's "History of the Popes." One of the examiners asked me a question to which I gave a certain answer. Then that examiner shook his head sadly, and said that was not what Ranke stated on the subject. I felt pretty sure of my ground, and answered calmly that I was aware that Ranke had said so and so, but he ought not to have done. If they would take the trouble to look into Ranke's authorities, they would find that Ranke had mistaken their meaning, and that the facts were as I stated them. I expect they tested my statement, and found it accurate, for, at the end of the examination, they

rose and gave me solemn bows, and ultimately a "First-class."

I may here mention a few Oxford names among those who have "gone before." Jesus College had some remarkable men of the time. Green, the historian, was one of my contemporaries. He was one of the promising young men, for whom—I expect at Stanley's instance—Bishop Tait would provide, by giving the Bethnal Green living, or something of that sort. It might not be a bad thing for the young men, but it was generally a bad thing for the East End parish, though Green sought earnestly to do his duty. Green progressed to a position of extreme liberalism in theology, and eventually dedicated himself to historic research, in the footsteps of Mr. Freeman. A very touching chapter of Green's personal history might be written, exhibiting the heroic way in which he struggled against disease and impending death. He had a great idea that, after the "History of Latin Christianity," some great historian should take in hand "Teutonic Christianity." On his tomb at Mentone he is said to have died "still learning." He was the best Oxford poet of his time, *pace* Mr. Swinburne, whom I met at Balliol.

There was Jenkins, of Jesus, who held his fellowship by the tenure of having gone out as a missionary to Natal. He had a magnificent, long, silky beard, and we called him the "gentle goat." His missionary zeal took the form of an intense interest in porters and policemen. He would go any number of miles by rail to see a policeman in a decline, or railway porter who had been run over. He was a most hospitable man, and the way in which "distinguished guests," porters, and policemen would be mixed up, was rather curious. When Lord Bute went over to Rome, Jenkins and another were made the trustees for his large ecclesiastical patronage. I have seen him walking up and down near Lord Bute's castle, reading his breviary. He took a parish in the wilds of Wales, among a mining population; but this distant charge never prevented him, while health remained, hunting up his porters and policemen.

I remember Robert Harry Ingles Synnot, of Christ Church, one of the most amiable and accomplished of men, with all the elements of a good writer and a good painter. He lived most of his time, after college days, in a yacht.

I asked him how he had spent the last Long. He

said he had yachted across to America and back again.

"And how long did you stay in America?"

"Oh, not very long. I went on shore at New York and got some lunch, and came away in half an hour."

On another occasion he stopped longer, and went through the Rocky Mountains to "'Frisco," and wrote an article about it in *The Contemporary*.

Once I met him in the Lake country, and found him dilating on the uses of gin. His language would have delighted the members of the C.E.T.S.

"If ever you get your feet wet," he said, "when you are out travelling, go to an inn and ask for some gin. Pour the gin into your boots; it is sure to prevent your taking cold. It is the only thing gin is good for."

I have tried the experiment, and can recommend it, having, I think, cured or prevented colds in this way.

The present aspect of Oxford is very different now to what it was in my time. There is a large resident population of gentlefolks; Professors, Fellows, and tutors get married, and in my not unfrequent visits to Oxford I generally meet quite young men at the high tables. But in my days there were really

very few private families. I knew one or two, but my case was quite an exception. I made the acquaintance of the Mayor of Oxford, who invited me and a thousand others to a grand banquet. He was a Wesleyan of the good old type, not the modern Buntingite, who widely departs from Wesley; always made it a rule of going once on Sunday to church, and had the Bishop and Lord Lieutenant at his table. He showed me several letters which Bishop Wilberforce wrote to him on an occasion of a grievous loss, and these letters are as touching and pathetic as those ever read, giving quite a fresh insight into the Bishop's character.

With Dr. Pusey I obtained a slight passing acquaintance. It was not much, but still it was something to obtain a kindly recognition from ὁ μέγας. I have had one or two notes from him, and among my lady friends there was a lively competition for his autograph. One of these letters was of interest; I received it a few years after I had left Oxford. I had written an article on Keble and his poetry for a popular periodical, and just at the time Dr. Pusey had made the famous substitution:

As in the heart, so in the hand.

The alteration caused much offence. My article, though in type, was unpublished for a long time, the editor and proprietor being displeased with the alteration. I mentioned the circumstances in a letter to Dr. Pusey, who wrote back that he had no choice; "it was dear John Keble's wish."

I ought to give a few words to my vacation times. My vacations were, for the most part, extremely pleasant. Some of them were spent in Derbyshire, a great part of which I had already explored, more especially Castleton and the Peak country, many miles of the Dove, Matlock, and some lovely dales. I had the happiness of going with a friend to Scotland, where I visited old scenes and acquaintances. We got as far as Loch Tay. On the way I obtained my first glimpse of the English lakes. In later years I made this expedition over again. London I often visited. It was a curious fact with myself and with many other undergraduates that, from whatever point of the compass we had to travel to Oxford, the road always took us through London. I spent a large part of one summer at Harrogate, being very kindly entertained by a bachelor uncle, with whom I saw a great deal of the scenery and society of the district.

Harrogate is situated on very high ground, where England is narrowest, and I think I have never seen finer sunsets or felt purer and more bracing breezes. I went a great deal into the garden county of Kent, where I had several relatives and friends no less kind who treated me courteously, and took me about to see places and people. I made also my first acquaintance with the south coast, on whose shores I have since passed away many of the days of my later life.

In the last of my Long Vacations I made my first visit to the Continent. We were a party of four. I visited a good deal of Holland, went up the Rhine to Coblentz, in the neighbourhood of which, Paffendorff, we stayed for a few weeks; then went up the river to Bingen, and thence to Frankfort and Wiesbaden. It was very enjoyable, and I still remember a few of the incidents.

I was very fond of the Rhine baths at Coblentz. You went into a kind of cage on the wooden bridge, through which the stream rushed with immense velocity. I was no swimmer, and accordingly I was "chaffed" by those of my friends who were able to swim. I was told that the proper thing to do was to

have a rope attached to my arm, and to plunge boldly into the stream, when I should probably learn to strike out by the light of nature. One of my friends, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Billy," was to hold the rope and to draw me in if the happy intuition—the light of nature—failed to arrive. Accordingly I plunged into the Rhine, and swimming in a vertical direction came to the bottom. Unfortunately the rope had glided out of my friend's hands, and the process of drowning commenced. My friend was equal to the occasion and dived after me. He said I seized his arm with a grasp which made him fear that the arm was dislocated. So we came safely to shore. It is not every man in these days who can say that he has been to the bottom of the Rhine.

I cannot say that two of my brother Oxonians much enjoyed the Rhine, except for such incidents as these related. I remember that when we passed the Lurlei rocks, they were sitting below in the cabin, smoking cigars and cultivating an acquaintance with the vintage of the country. I rushed down to call them up to see the scenery. They informed me that they had come abroad to enjoy themselves, and did not

come for the brutal scenery. Their lack of appreciation was supplied by a Yankee, who came close to me and said:

"I reckon, stranger, that our Hudson river chaws this here up considerable."

I have never seen the Hudson river, but, from what I have heard of it, I believe my Yankee friend was literally correct. I am very glad I saw the Rhine before I saw Switzerland; after Switzerland the Rhine is very tame.

We stayed at an old château, at Paffendorff, about a mile or so from Coblentz. The Rhine flowed in front of our windows; I renewed my acquaintance with its cool waters. A fire broke out in the village, and as there was, of course, no fire machine, we fell back on the primitive plan of forming into line and passing up buckets. I do not know if the natives really appreciated the value of foreign assistance, but the duty was assigned to me of standing in the river itself. All our efforts by this method, as might have been expected, were unavailing, and the houses were completely gutted. Popular indignation was excited against Billy, who sat on dry hay, smoking a cigar; and it was represented to him that that was just

the way in which another fire might be reasonably apprehended. He freely confessed the justice of the remark as he went on smoking.

I came back by way of Paris. My first sight of the Emperor was in this year (1859), after the conclusion of the treaty that followed the battles of Magenta and Solferino. I then witnessed the grand entry of the Army of Italy. It was in the Long Vacation, just about the end of my time at Oxford. They wanted a large sum for a seat at a window on the Boulevards, to see the procession of the army. In those days the word was spelt miscellaneously, both Boulevard and Boulevart; but the Emperor declared, I believe, to Baron Hausmann, that he did not care which way it was, but there must be uniformity of spelling. I did not feel inclined to pay several napoleons for a seat; but an idea suggested itself to my undergraduate mind whereby I might obtain a better view and pay nothing for it. There was a well-grown tree on the Boulevards, and I thought I might climb into it and obtain a good view at my leisure. There were many trees, of course, but this simple and ingenious plan did not seem to have commended itself to any other

mind. Accordingly I climbed into the tree and arranged myself. A zealous *gendarme* followed after, and endeavoured to extract me from my point of vantage. I lustily resisted him, heel and fist, and dared him to the combat. The official perceived by my manner that I was an Englishman and a hopeless subject. He shrugged his shoulders, "C'est un Anglais," and several sympathetic voices murmured, "Les Anglais." Upon the whole they concluded that they would leave such a hopeless subject alone. So I enjoyed in peace the magnificent spectacle of the entry of the army.

Every now and then I saw the young Prince Imperial playing on the terrace of the Château that is in the Tuileries. The Emperor had a kind of weird fascination for me. To me he was always the "Man of December," with that ineffaceable stain of blood upon him.

I had heard many little things that pleased me about the Emperor. There was an honest tradesman in Bond Street, once a quasi-parishioner of mine, who had a shop full of beautiful things, who told his people to let Prince Napoleon have anything he wanted within moderate limits, and not to

trouble him with bills. Him did the Emperor observe one day on the Rue de Rivoli, and rode his horse to the side of the pavement, and courteously saluted him.

In these college days, and for some time afterwards, I used to write a great deal of poetry; at least what I thought poetry. I ought properly to have been writing Greek iambics instead; I was weak in iambics. Gradually I was quite deserted by those jades, the Muses. Occasionally editors have asked me to write poetry for pictures, which I did with interest and pleasure; and though I have entirely relinquished any idea of publishing a volume of poems, I can never make up my mind entirely to relinquish the old habit. I always advise my young friends who wish to write good English to foster a taste for poetical composition. Our best poets have been among our best prose writers. I find some comparatively youthful verses of mine, almost among the last I wrote, which I call "Memorial Days," which may not unfitly take a place here. There is generally an autobiographic element in poetry, especially I think in religious poetry, which might be illustrated from the writings of Mr. Keble and Mr. Lyte. These are my "Memorial Days:"

How sweet it were when memory brings
From her locked cell our bygone hours,
To muse o'er ancient vanished things,
E'en as we muse o'er perished flowers,
That their brief hour of life enjoyed,
Then passed away into the void,
With no sad memory alloyed,
At which the spirit cowers.

I too upon the happy earth
Have had my happy day,
Have known the hours of wit and mirth,
The love, the lore, the lay;
And sadly brooding, now I find
These by a Father's love designed
To brace anew the languid mind,
And cheer with kindly sway.

Oh! sad that we should e'er estrange
The music and the balm,
And to the deadly upas change
Heaven's kindly, sheltering palm;
Losing the Giver in the good,
He falls who whilome firmly stood,
The ship that rode the raging flood
Ere now has sunk in calm.

O worse than lost! But ere we die
The sun of faith may shine;
Repentance, with her tear and sigh,
Revive these hopes of thine.
The flower the evening dew that sips
Survives the garish day's eclipse,
And flingeth from its roseate lips
An odour still divine.

CHAPTER V.

BEGINNINGS OF LITERARY AND CLERICAL WORK.

I PROPOSE now to speak of some beginnings of clerical and literary work. The arrangement will be mainly, but not strictly, chronological, as it will sometimes be more convenient to group facts in their relationship. I have no wish to obtrude the history of a humble career unless they touch upon subjects of general and larger interests. I am not without the hope that even some apparently trivial circumstances may have some measure of use and consolation, and that even some of these infirm vanishing footsteps of mine may prove

> Footsteps, which perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, may take heart again.

I have achieved no special success, I have written no great work, and have done nothing great; but

every year I have turned out a certain amount of literary work. I have preached so many sermons and attempted so much or so little in kindred occupations, and have seen what has fallen to my lot of scenery and society. As most of us live commonplace lives, though no life is really commonplace that seeks to struggle towards the light, perhaps even ordinary details may have an interest as much as the extra-ordinary.

A large number of men, when they have taken their degrees, obtain pupils and seek ordination. My own tastes were strongly in the direction of a public life and a literary career. I had much wished to be a barrister, but was greatly disturbed by scruples respecting the morality of advocacy, which I now think were exaggerated and ill-judged. I took orders from an intense conviction, in which I have never wavered, that after all, this for myself, as for so many more, would be the happiest and most useful career. The taste for literature was a very strong one, and not being able to afford to take an ordinary curacy, I went on with my literary work and some pupils, and, according to my power, endeavoured to harmonise these lines of life and make them homo-

geneous. I should find it difficult to give any precise date to my humble literary beginnings. Even before I took my degree I had done something both in pupilising and in writing for the press. But of course taking holy orders was a most definite thing; the date of that event is a most memorable time.

I had first to put myself into communication with the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait. I was charmed with the Bishop, he was so grave, kindly, courteous. I had to furnish him with no less than nine clerical names in sets of threes. First came three college Dons for college testimonials, then three clergymen to whom he could confidentially refer, and then three to sign the testimonial for orders. I suppose that I could to some extent have utilised the same names, but I gave him all nine. I wondered how these gentlemen, who differed on all possible points, could concur in testimonialising the same individual. Then the Bishop gave me a private examination, as was his wont with all his candidates; he was very kindly and fatherly. There was rather an amusing incident at this private examination.

"I propose," he said, "to have a little talk with you about the lessons for to-day."

I bowed, and waited for the talk to begin.

"What are the lessons for the day?"

I felt nonplussed, but thought it best to be quite candid.

"I don't know what they are, my lord. In point of fact, I never read the lessons for the day."

"You never read the lessons for the day?" exclaimed the Bishop, in rather a horrified way. "What do you read, then?"

"I find it more convenient, my lord, instead of following the selection of the lessons, to take up some book of the Bible and work through it."

The Bishop looked relieved.

"And a very good plan, too. However, on the present occasion I rather wish to speak about the lessons. What are they?"

"Will you allow me to remind you that I have just said that I did not know them." And then, retorting the question upon himself, I said: "What are they, my lord?"

The good Bishop broke into a gentle laugh.

"Why, really, my friend, you have the advantage of me; I don't know them myself."

The Bishop invited myself, and any candidate who

might so wish, to stay at Fulham Chapter House during the examination; but as London was so near, hardly any of us did so.

My curacy was a very light one. I read the Litany each Sunday morning, and once in three weeks I had to preach in the afternoon. My stipend was ten shillings *per annum*, to be paid quarterly—great stress, I presume, being laid on the "quarterly." Of course this *honorarium* was merely formal. I remember meeting my Vicar a few years afterwards at a Church Congress, and I said to him:

"Mr. Vicar, you owe me fifteen shillings."

He looked surprised, and asked me how I made that out.

"Well," I said, "I was your curate for a year and a half, and never got any money. At ten shillings a year this comes to fifteen shillings."

"That is perfectly true," he answered, gravely, and proceeded to count out the money.

"No," I said, "I will not take the money, but I will ask you to send it to the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and have the contribution entered as 'A curate's stipend for a year and a half.'"

This he cheerfully promised to do, but I expect it

escaped his memory, as I have never yet seen the entry in the Report.

It was not a very satisfactory arrangement. It was a handsome church, with a fair staff of clergy and constant services. There was a good Anglican ritual, lovely music, and a wealth of stained glass. In these respects the arrangements of the church were really very excellent. There was a point of view in which the congregation were almost a club. The people got on very well socially, and once a year there used to be a congregational dinner at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere. I am sure the congregation were none the worse for this social festive side of things, which certainly helped to keep them together, and the example might be imitated with good results. Church membership is a strong bond of union, but in many parishes it might be greatly strengthened. As I myself was residing in a London suburb, I did not see much of this side of things; but here, and elsewhere, I am sure that the social element may be turned to infinite good purpose. I was certainly doing very little at this time, but perhaps that was better than doing too much. I often see inexperienced young men, fresh from college, put into large parishes where

they have to preach three times a week, and visit hundreds of cases; which, besides the overstrain, could not be good either for themselves or the parish. I was very willing, when asked, to give any further help, but, with pupils and literary work, my time was mortgaged to the uttermost.

There was none of that active organisation which is so useful, and now so general in town parishes. The Vicar, when I first came to him, told me that the population was eight thousand. It so happened that the census was taken directly afterwards, and the population, without his having the least idea of it, was found to be sixteen thousand. In my fresh clerical zeal, I several times went into the streets and alleys, but never heard that a clergyman had been among them. I believe the Vicar used to fold his arms, and spend his time at his study window gazing upon his beautiful church. He was not the best kind of man for a young deacon to be with. He gave but the scantiest measure of sympathy, or encouragement, or hospitality. In seeking a curacy it ought to be a special point to seek some wise and kindly incumbent, who will help one's onward steps. This Vicar had an admirable man—a senior curate—most thoughtful and

learned, who left at the time that I came, one who has justly attained a high position in the Church; but during the seven years he was with him, he never once asked him to occupy his morning pulpit, unless he happened to be away himself. In those days I often walked the London streets between the services, and lunched off a crust. I need not have done so, for my brother curates were profuse in their offers of hospitality, of which I would occasionally avail myself. But clearly the Vicar should have offered me the prophet's chamber.

My brother curates were all of them very good fellows. Three out of the four are now on the dead list. *Sit anima mea cum illis.* One was Arthur Dawson, who became private Chaplain to Archbishop Trench, and promulgated High Church principles among the extreme Protestants of Dublin. Another went away to Hursley to become curate to John Keble, but was not long-lived. A very sad history attaches to another. He took a living in the North of England, and then, forbidding a disreputable young man to become "a follower" of one of his servants, the villain entered the house with loaded pistols, and murdered my friend, his wife, and one or two of

the servants. He had rallied enough to give evidence against the man, and died a day or two afterwards. How little we could have dreamed, as we sat together in the quiet stalls, with the glory of the painted windows upon the chancel floor, that there was this awful catastrophe in the distance.

As time went on literary and clerical work took up my time, and pupils were surrendered as soon as might be. With me my church work always came first. I have written many an extemporary article, not knowing what I had written until I saw it in print; but I do not think that I have ever preached a sermon to which I have not given the most anxious consideration. To my mind the sermon is the highest and most difficult order of work. Many people think it is the easiest thing in the world. I only wish they would try. I daresay they could write much better things than we parsons on subjects that have greatly occupied their attention; but the strain of treating such subjects Sunday by Sunday, year after year, is something very difficult.

The very best sermons are those preached to people and under circumstances in which it is difficult for them to obtain a fair recognition. As Professor

Drummond would say, a man needs both a nidus and an environment. One Sunday I fell into conversation with a medical man.

"Have you been anywhere to-day?" I asked him.

"I went to the afternoon service," he answered, "where I heard that poor creature —— preaching to the children and maidservants."

"Are you aware," I answered, "that this poor creature is one of the most powerful writers of the press, and is as influential a man as half-a-dozen Members of Parliament rolled into one?"

My own impression is that preaching ability, as a rule, does not count for much. Whether a man preaches a sermon that has cost a fortnight's study, and has entailed a loss of lucrative work, or preaches a lithographed sermon which, taken with a lot, has cost him about tenpence, the result is substantially the same so far as a man's standing in the Establishment is concerned. But I am thankful to think that this is not a governing consideration with my brethren; if they are worth anything they get to a higher platform than this.

In matters of literature, in order to obtain much eminence and reward, a man must either be a great

genius or a steady, industrious producer. He who combines the two is the *littérateur* to perfection. A man who, like myself, has a profession besides the profession of letters, stands again on another footing. If a man has a profession, and devotes himself thoroughly to it, that is best; but if he is able to earn very little by his profession—and in the case of a clerical profession a man may work very hard, and yet earn very little—a second source of livelihood must be a good thing to have. An immense amount of "copy" has to be produced every day, and with the widening education of schools and newspapers, the area of readers is constantly increasing. A writer, by conscientious care and industry, may do a certain amount of useful work—work which may be very happy in its way, though it may not confer fame, which is unnecessary, and, in many cases, perhaps undesirable. It will be something if he is able to contribute, in however limited and modest extent, to causes which he holds to be good; the cause of religion, the cause of letters and sound knowledge, the cause of charity and philanthropy. He will be sure to do it imperfectly, and make many blunders, but it is something to be on the side of good causes.

We hear a great deal at the present day of literature as a profession, and to my mind it is one of the most delightful of all professions. It has been one of the blessings of my life—a compensation for many drawbacks—that both the literary and the clerical work have been thoroughly to my taste and liking. It is a very bad thing when a man dislikes his profession. I have met with so many instances of this; army men who dislike the army, doctors who do not care for practice, literary men who feel the weight of their burdens in the most galling way, even clergymen who have surrendered their orders in despair or weariness. No doubt in all real work there is a measure of burden to be borne, and no doubt we are intended to feel the pressure of the collar. This gives us the discipline of patience and duty. For real success—and if not for material success, at least, for progress and self-development—we ought to love our work, or learn to love it in time.

No one should be so misguided as deliberately to take to literature as a profession. All those who have done best and most in it have had other serious aims in life, and have mainly through stress of circumstances discovered an innate genius for literature.

The old saying is still true from a mere worldly point of view that literature is a good staff but is a sorry crutch. I have known various literary men whose income has overflowed four figures. But even their takings are nothing in comparison with those of the successful lawyer, doctor, or merchant. And some of our greatest writers, such as Carlyle and Wordsworth, for many years of their lives had no takings at all worth mentioning. Literary men, who are either men of genius or ready producers, who know what the public want, and can provide the public with the article, can for many years make large gains. But even these come, with regret, to regard literature as an article of commerce. The happiness of writing has hardly been the same to myself since I have been able to obtain something by it.

It is always as well to get a friendly introduction to an editor; other things being equal, this frequently determines the balance. I have come to know that my early articles offered to editors have never been looked at. There was one periodical to which I sent articles with some regularity, and with equal regularity they were promptly returned. I obtained a personal introduction to this editor from a well-known novelist,

and in less than half an hour he had commissioned half-a-dozen articles of which not a line was written. One editor returned me a paper on "The Methods of Historical Study," and said that he wanted something light and frivolous, which we were able to arrange. I found editors extremely kind, anxious to procure new blood, and desirous to lend a helping hand to young aspirants. I was told, and I believe correctly, that the dull season of the year, when Parliament is up and town is empty, was the most propitious time for the young aspirant to try his chance.

The first matter is that the handwriting should be good. But be the handwriting ever so good, it is just possible that the MS. has not been examined. Let no beginner be downcast because his MS. has been returned with thanks. It may simply mean that the article is not of immediate interest, that the editor's own large staff finds him more material than he can use, and that he is overweighted with contributions. An editor of a magazine one day threw open his cupboard, and showed me sufficient accepted manuscripts to carry him on for a couple of years. If you persevere, and abide your time, if you have really anything to say your chance will come. I have to

speak with much gratitude of the kindness of editors who read my papers, and accepted them, when personally they had the scantiest knowledge of me, or none at all. Once I remember sending off a couple of social articles to a new political review. I had special reasons at the time for being very anxious for their success. Taking up the next issue, a few days afterwards, I was immensely pleased to find them both printed, and without any mistake worth mentioning, although no proof had been sent. A few good literary introductions are of the highest value.

I had one literary experience which was rather amusing. I had an introduction to a worthy cleric who was editing a new popular religious serial. I proffered him a paper on some Paris subjects, and he invited me to "look him up" at his office, the following week. When I called he opened his drawer and handed me back my papers. "No, my dear sir," he said, "this sort of paper will never do. It has not got the light touch and broad sympathetic feeling"—or some conventional phrases of that kind—"which we want. Now here," he said, taking up the new number of a magazine, "we have an article about Paris of the right kind. If you could only write a

little like this fellow, it might do. Here is a Christian view of things in a genial pleasant spirit. "My dear sir," I said, "if you look at the article you will find that I am the author of it. You will find my initials at the end."

"Oh, give me that paper back again," said the editor, "and I will accept it."

But although he praised me beyond my merits, I have never considered my reverend brother a really good editor. He gave me the unworthy suspicion that clerics do not always make the best editors.

As I am not without the hope that my writings may be of some practical use to my younger brethren, I would venture, in a remorseful spirit, to give a word of practical advice on the subject of handwriting. My own handwriting is simply vile. I expect that letters which I have had from the late Lord Lyttelton and the late Dean Stanley were perhaps even worse, for I think that my own hand, with the slight disadvantage of being illegible, is rather neat in its minuteness. At school I was the despair of my writing master. My honoured father used sometimes to say, "I shall lock up these letters in my tall closet and perhaps my son will read them to me when he

next comes home." I lost a first-class in one of the schools at Oxford by five marks, and I have a strong impression that my bad hand may have had something to do with it. A friendly editor, who invited my communications, returned them unread as his eyesight was too valuable to be tampered with. Another editor has told me, "When I go to the printing office and hear bad language I feel sure that it is over your handwriting," and I discovered that this was actually the case. I have been told, however, that there is a man at Clowes's who really likes my handwriting, and it has always been very much on my mind that I ought to invite that man to dinner. At the printing office of one of the daily papers there is a bean-feast, where the printers have a day in the country and a dinner, and one of them who has caught the knack of authorship from his surroundings, described myself and another contributor as

> Writers of a microscopic pen,
> Who no mercy have upon us miserable men.

One editor sent me a charge of twenty pounds for extra expenses in correction. I believe that such a charge was neither customary nor legal; but being

conscience-stricken in the matter, I paid five pounds, and thought I had got off cheap. Indeed, my wonder is that I have experienced so much patience and forbearance from my editors. In fact, bad handwriting is an unmitigated evil all the way round. I am told that nothing is more difficult than to get a play read and accepted at a great theatre. Yet in the case of one of the earliest attempts of a very eminent dramatist, a matter of this sort was transacted within half an hour. He had his comedy set up in type, and showed it to the manager in print, who saw its merits directly and forthwith accepted it. If the manager had taken the roll of MS. home with him it might have been months or years before it was read. Some friendly editors have sent my MSS. to the printers at once, thinking that my corrections might be made in type. I have always thought it my duty to do my very best for such confiding editors as those. In the case of some great establishments everything is put in type for the consideration of the editors. They would not be put in type unless there was a fair chance of suitability. Probably many more of them are rejected than accepted. A distinguished literary man told me that his contributions to one of our best

weeklies were frequently put in type, accepted and paid for, and yet never published.

I had, however, after the manner of most young men, quite overlooked one contingency—I had taken no thought of the possibility of a breakdown in my health. The best of all prescriptions is to keep well; a moderate degree of care when in health will save us an immoderate degree of suffering and care in sickness. I had had my share of illness, but nothing that had left constitutional injury. But now, apparently from a mere accident, I brought on an illness that made me an invalid or a valetudinarian for the rest of my days. It seemed a mere accident; but accidents are so mixed up in human life, that their recurrence is not a matter of accident, but part of that arranged system of life that is designed for our human discipline and our probation.

I remember walking one afternoon beneath the overhanging trees of the garden of a London square, near the church I served, and wondering what was about to happen. Life seemed fixed in a groove; somewhat dull, gray, and monotonous. There was any amount of work, and the work was mixed, and hardly seemed to admit of any change or promise

any career. I had a kind of feeling that there was some change at hand, and so there was—one that would colour all my life.

I had not been feeling well. The work was telling on me. I had had anxiety and much grief on account of a domestic loss. Without any specific illness, I was below par. I recollect that I ran down for a week to the Isle of Wight, working my way around the lovely shores. I went to Newport, and renewed my acquaintance with the Vicar, George Connor, whom I knew as a lad, and who subsequently became Dean of Windsor. He was very kind, made me preach for him, and showed me much hospitality. He said that he knew I had been at the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and he was anxious to know the respective systems, advantages, and expenses of the two. I did my best to draw out the identities and the contrasts. Seeing that he was very much interested, I asked him on whose behalf he was making such detailed inquiries, and he told me that he was thinking of his two sons. I inquired their age, and he said that one of them—perhaps they were twins—was a year old. He was certainly showing

a great degree of prevision for their interests. He had shortly before been brought to the notice of the Queen, who had been erecting a touching memorial to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., in Carisbrook Church. It was not long after the death of the Duchess of Kent, and Connor feelingly described the deep depression and dejection under which Her Majesty evidently laboured. On one occasion there was total silence among the whole of the Royal party. The Queen noiselessly went up to the monument and inspected its progress, and not a whisper was heard in the church during the visit.

I got back to my work, but not so much refreshed as I ought to have been by my holiday. I noticed in reading the lessons that there was a heaviness and want of free respiration. I observed also a sense of great lassitude as I wandered in the autumn evenings in the lovely western suburbs of London. I am afraid I am giving uninteresting details of my own insignificant life; but I do so under the impression that I may be giving some few items of caution and consolation. I committed the imprudence of sitting a good deal in wet boots, and I have always since thought it a duty in life empha-

tically to warn my fellow-creatures against such detestable carelessness. Anyhow, an illness set in with great severity—cough, fever, slight hemorrhage, with some sharp pains and aches. All the usual remedies were tried, but I got no better but decidedly worse. The idea was forcibly suggested to my friends and to my own mind that I was in a consumption. My doctor treated me ably and sympathetically; but he thought he would like to call in his father, a retired medical man of great experience. This gentleman expressed an unfavourable opinion in kindly, courteous phrase. He told me that I was a delicate exotic, and would have to live a kind of conservatory existence for the next three or four years, by which time I supposed my existence was to be terminated. I thought I should like to bring down one of the great medical lights of London for an opinion. The great specialist came; he came eight miles, stayed with me eight minutes, and pocketed eight guineas, and told my friends that I was in a positive consumption. I thought of the words of Hezekiah:

"Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent: I have cut off like a weaver

my life: he will cut me off with pining sickness: from day even till night wilt thou make an end of me."

And, like Hezekiah, I turned my face to the wall to die.

I really think I should have died if I had stayed in my bedroom, and allowed myself to become worse and weaker, till all was over. I should have been killed by the doctor as much as by the disease—at least, up to this point. I write of a quarter of a century ago; so I did not die either of one or of the other. The local doctor gave me one good piece of advice, which I can confidently recommend. He told me as far as possible to continue my usual mode of life. John Morley and others sent me books to review, which gave me pleasant employment. I determined not to give up, but try and find some doctor who might give me better hopes of myself. Also the thought occurred to me that I should do well to get a thorough change from all my surroundings. Now my counsel to any valetudinarian is still to work, still to hope, still to try all available means.

I had had one hopeful opinion of my case, which

I took early in its history, when I was still able to get about town, and before I was condemned to my bed. This was Stanley, of Bartholomew's, a very famous surgeon in his day, an old friend of my father's, and one who had shown me hospitality when I first came up to town as a lad. He listened very kindly to me, and said:

"If you were only a neighbour of mine I would take up your case from first to last, and charge you nothing at all, out of the great regard which I have for your father. But I will tell you one thing for your comfort: you are sure to get well."

"How can you possibly tell that?"

"I am able to say so. I see it in your face. You will get well."

I have heard of one or two other cases in which medical men have read faces, and prophesied events with marvellous fidelity. Of course, some faces tell their own tale, and no skilled medical man could fail to read it aright. But in cases where the external signs are slight, some medical men have shown a marvellous power of diagnosis and prognosis. "Budd, of Plymouth"—still a tradition in the West of England, and whose local tradition has become

national—was one of them. As his patients have entered the room he has diagnosed their case. A friend of mine was walking with him down a Plymouth street, and they passed a man the picture of health, standing under the portico of an hotel. My friend pointed him out as a typical Briton.

"You think so," said Budd. "That man will be dead in a twelvemonth." And it was so.

I had settled in my own mind that I would go and see Dr. J. C. B. Williams, of whom I had heard in many directions, and who, after Dr. Hope, had mainly used in this country Laennec's invention of the stethoscope. Dr. Williams has written his own autobiography, a very interesting and charming work, especially for those who have some liking for medical science. I was in a very bad state, to go out of doors at all was like a soldier going into action, amid chances from flying bullets. However, I wrapped up, and was deposited at the house of some friends in Cavendish Square, who kindly took me in that I might be close to the house of the great doctor. There was some little trouble in getting him to examine me on Sunday morning, the time that happened to be the best and most available for

me. I had come up, I think, on a Saturday afternoon, in December, when it was too late and cold to go to Upper Brook Street. The doctor, like a good sensible man, held his Sundays sacred, and tried to keep them as free as possible from work. Some of the worst offenders in the matter of Sunday work are some brother parsons, who work double tides—both weekday and Sunday—and very rarely give themselves the Sabbath rest which they preach to other people. I remember being very much impressed by Dr. Williams and his way of proceeding. If he was examining me in one way I was also examining him in another. I thought him far away the most interesting man that I had so far known. He took down a little book, one of a library of little books, in which he entered the particulars of my case. I was struck by the minuteness with which he went into the history of some early illnesses—fevers—that I had had.

It brought before me, in a striking way, the continuity of our moral and physical life, the correlation between one stage and another of our history. His examination of me lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and the guinea fee I tendered was a poor

acknowledgment of the exhaustive trouble he took over me. This, however, was the only fee that the good doctor ever took from me. The public should not grumble if the doctors now double their first fees. I waited very anxiously to hear his verdict on the facts. A patient in a consulting-room—at least until he has become hardened to the process—can hardly help feeling as nervous as a prisoner in the dock. His verdict was substantially the Scotch one of *Not Proven.*

He said, almost regretfully, that he was not quite able to agree with his learned brethren, meaning especially the great scientific luminary that had come from town to visit me. "Not that I for a moment mean to assert that you are not in a consumption," he hastened to explain; "very likely you are. Only I cannot say that I am convinced that this is really the case at present. There is deeply-seated bronchitis, and some incompetence of the mitral valve. We may hope to palliate the symptoms. If you will come again in a few months, I shall be able to tell you exactly whether it is a case of phthisis or not."

He sent me down for a change of air to St. Leonards. The medicine he ordered was a very pleasant,

effervescent, champagny kind of medicine. It was just at the transition point of medical science when doctors were leaving off the nasty doses of antiquity, and were trying to make things pleasant all round. Of course he ordered me to take cod-liver oil in abundance. I have never been able to reconcile myself to cod-liver oil, and hail the doctrine that Devonshire cream is as good. Some patients, however, learn to revel in it. A weak-chested clerical brother came to lunch with me, and after lunch I said to him, "I am sorry there is no wine to offer you. I have nothing but cod-liver oil here." "My dear friend," he answered, "you could not offer me anything I like better!" So he sat, after lunch, sipping his cod-liver oil as contentedly as I have seen people take their '34 port. Without liking it, I thought it my duty to persevere regularly in it. When you get the honestest, and wisest, and most skilful advice attainable, it is a plain duty to adhere to it most strictly until you have given the treatment ample trial.

I was very ill when I first went down to St. Leonards. The death of the Prince Consort happened at the very time, and I remember how great a

shock it was to me. They had not mentioned it to me, but a visitor brought out the news. I had never been to Hastings and St. Leonards before, and, after a short stay at an hotel, we removed into lodgings on the Marina. In the same house there was an aged clergyman staying, suffering with some throat mischief. I used to bask in the sun when it came out on the wintry mornings, or creep along the Esplanade, even as far as the Hastings cliff. To this day I retain a loving and grateful recollection of that long and splendid esplanade and of the gray cliffs and the castle of the ancient Cinque Port. As I stayed there all the winter, I became known, at least by sight, to various people. Somehow we invalids came to interest ourselves in each other's case. My brother parson and I became acquainted. At first he was very kind, but after a time his visage clouded over. One day he approached me with the air of a man unmasking a hypocrite, and said, in a withering tone of voice, "You're not in a consumption!" and turned on his heels contemptuously and left me. His presage was right. He himself, poor, dear fellow, died not long after of his complaint.

The fine air and Dr. Williams's treatment did me

much good. I had the happiness of making a good friend in another doctor — Dr. Wilson, of Warrior Square. He fully agreed with Dr. Williams's treatment, and from himself and his wife I received the greatest kindness and hospitality, which were as beneficial as any other means used for my good. Through them I made some very pleasant friends in the place. After some seven months' enforced silence I was able to preach once more. It was at the pretty church of St. Mary Magdalene, off Warrior Square. I remember my text was *St. John*, xiv. 1-3, words which had given me courage and consolation in dark hours, when I most needed them. In composing sermons we clergy should preach to ourselves as well as to our people. When the early summer commenced, I was warned that if I would reap the full benefit of the place, I should leave it until the next winter.

So I got back to town and saw Dr. Williams. He put me through my paces, and brought out one of his little books, in which my case was noted. He pronounced that I was ever so much better, that I had made pounds and pounds of flesh, and finally he acquitted me of the charge of consumption. But

it was chronic bronchitis; might at any time be accelerated into serious symptoms, and I was to take the greatest care of myself. The advice is really much harder than it sounds. We take wonderful care of ourselves for a time, and then are pretty sure to commit some splendid piece of imprudence. It seems to be almost on such conditions that we hold life.

The moral which I venture to draw is the permissibility of a large amount of hopefulness and consolation, even in the most serious cases. In my own case, beyond the necessity of studying climatic conditions, and taking much care, I have lived and gone about and done a good deal of work, much the same as other people, though I have hardly ever been quite free from latent or patent *malaise*. Only for three winters during many years have I been quite laid aside from clerical work, and in those winters I was able to do much literary work, and found the full benefit of literary habits. Sometimes the clerical work has been so heavy that the literature has been almost entirely suspended; in other years there has been the reverse process. During these busiest clerical years, when it was during the week, I used

frequently to say: "Sunday will be here presently, and I shall be much better, and be able to do my Sunday work." And so it has happily, mercifully proved. I do not suppose, even when seriously laid up, that I have been quite unable to read or write.

There is hope, far beyond what I should have thought possible, for chest patients. I found in the Riviera that the most experienced doctors almost absolutely refuse to pass a final sentence on their patients, since they survive and linger on past all calculation. I know case upon case where patients have gone to Mentone to die, with terrible lung injuries from which they could not hope to recover; and some of these cases are of twenty or thirty years' standing, and life is full of ease and comfort to them. None of us want to survive to be Struldbrugs, and it is a blessed thing that our life and death are in the hands of infinite pity and wisdom. I sum up the moral of my egotistic story with the fine sentence of Burke: "Never despair, and if you do, still work in despair."

CHAPTER VI.

SOME EARLY TRAVELS.

I CAME back from Hastings very decidedly better, but, as the saying is, "not out of the wood." One of the first things about which I had to think was taking priest's orders. The Bishop of London very kindly renewed an invitation to all candidates to stay at Fulham during the week of examination. All the bishops at the present time are very hospitable. This was by no means generally the case a generation ago. One learned bishop, writing a Bible commentary, on the subject of the hospitality of bishops has a curt note to the effect that "there were no hotels in those days." At Llandaff, a publican applied for the renewal of his licence on the ground that the candidates for orders stayed at his inn during their examination. We have changed all that.

I was very glad, although it was summer, to avail myself of his shelter. I was extremely delighted with the Bishop, who was most cordial, and quite devoid of any state and formality. He had had great sorrows in his life, and his face wore manifest traces of them. But he was also full of *bonhomie*, anecdote, and pleasantry. He was a man of extreme kindness and good-nature. One almost forgot the great Bishop and the grand statesman in the kindly, friendly host. Nothing could surpass the intense earnestness and conviction with which he spoke to the men in chapel, and the perfect freedom and unreserve of his dinner and drawing-room talk. He would soon leave the drawing-room and retire to his library, where he would work for hours. His influence was immense. It was commonly said, after he came to Canterbury, that he practically ruled most of the dioceses, and he seemed, on the death of the Bishop of Oxford, to have stepped into his commanding position.

He came into the room where I was sitting one afternoon, and asked me what I had been doing with myself. I told him that I had been making a very careful tour of his Fulham territories. "You

would very soon do that," said the Archbishop. "Do you remember that when the people of Geneva told Voltaire to leave their territories within twenty-four hours, he told them that he could easily do that within twenty-four minutes?" A young curate came over, a friend of my own, who incidentally mentioned that as his incumbent was dead he was looking out for something to do. I believe the Bishop had hardly seen him before, and he was a man without any special claims, but the Bishop immediately offered him a valuable chaplaincy at one of the European capitals, to which he had to appoint. I think he would have been very kind to me if I had allowed him. But one was, of course, naturally afraid of presuming on his kindness. "You have never been to the House of Lords," he exclaimed one afternoon. "You hunt me up at St. James's Square any day the House is sitting, and we will go down together." Some ten years after, I met him and Mrs. Tait at the Royal Academy. They came forward with extended hands to greet me. I was so ungracious as simply to raise my hat and back into the crowd. I thought they must have mistaken me for some other man. In all probability it was just their

kindly remembrance of their old guest. A year or two before the end, my college was good enough to send him a memorial, asking him to appoint me to some preferment in London or Kent. He very naturally asked them why they did not do something of the sort themselves. If he had lived, perhaps the offer would have come. Only a few weeks before he died, I had a kind letter, thanking me for a periodical in which I had written an article on a subject in which he was deeply interested. I have since heard from a friend of his that it was his intention to have offered me good preferment if he had lived.

He told me that he had been to Rome once, during the midsummer holidays, when he was Head Master of Rugby; and Mrs. Tait said that although they found it very hot, they were glad to have seen Italy in its own climate. He spoke of the great variety of people whom he had known, and the great conflict of opinions in his time. In the morning at breakfast they used to read the invitations they received. There would be several at a time. The Bishop would say that he had no time to accept any of them. Mrs. Tait, who evidently knew how

much her husband required relief from the pressure of work, argued in favour of them. The lady, as was right, prevailed. A low carriage would come to the door, and the Bishop be off. Dr. Stanley was not on this occasion staying at the Palace. His place was taken by Mr. Lightfoot, of Cambridge, the present Bishop of Durham. I sat near him at dinner, which no one can do without pleasure and instruction. I sometimes sit near him in the reading-room of the British Museum, where he will work away intently for many hours at a stretch.

Tait was a great man in his way. He was, indeed, a great statesman. He made the Chair of Canterbury—what it ought to be, but never was before his time—a kind of centre and focus of the Anglican Church all over the world. This is continued under his successor, but it was Tait that made it possible. The most busy of men, he was also the most accessible. He liked men to be brief and come to the point; but when he understood that a man had something to say, he was most patient and attentive. He seemed to be able to go at once into the heart of a matter, and to understand all its relations. Most men like to sleep over an important

matter. Tait liked to settle a matter straight off, and his sleep was all the sweeter when it was done. He was a man who was most genuinely kind. He would single out the young deacon or priest who seemed all alone in a large assembly, and if he had any points of interest about him, Tait would be sure to bring them out.

I was priested in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a few days after I started for my first visit—happily the first of a series—to Switzerland and North Italy. I thought that the thorough change of air and scene would do me good, and I was not disappointed in my hope.

I simply "rushed Paris," as the saying is. It is a good rule in travelling, always to give the longest time to the furthest objects. There is a "first time" when we see things, with which no other time can be compared. My first view of Swiss mountains—being uncertain for a short time whether those snowy summits were cloudland or "towers of silence"—my first view of the Swiss and Italian lakes; the remembrance of those happy hours still gives me a measure of freshness and enthusiasm. We may see them often, and come to know them well, but, as I think

we all recognise, there is nothing like that "first time." It is like first love, only more so—if I may so heretically speak. Even now, sometimes, when I cannot sleep, I close my eyes and try and bring those lovely scenes before me, and the vision, if it comes, brings peace and rest.

I find it very interesting to review my impressions in the light of subsequent history. I can now look back on a great drama of history ended. Lucerne was the first Swiss city at which I stayed. It was the time of a gathering to meet the Comte de Chambord. It was certainly a great gathering. The Swiss peasantry were astonished at the splendid equipages which rolled through every Alpine defile towards Lucerne. It was perfectly well understood that the gathering had no political importance. Neither the Legitimists nor their chief entertained any real hopes. Lucerne was simply a happy spot for a political picnic. The shores and waters of the most striking of Swiss lakes, and the panoramic views of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus, proved attractions at least as alluring as a political *réunion*. I felt a good deal of sympathy for the Comte de Chambord. I have always been a thorough Legitimist. One day, not

many weeks later, I went over his palace at Venice —the Cavalli Palace. It is a very fine one, and his mother, the Duchess of Berri, owned, perhaps, the very finest that Venice possesses; and the account which I heard of him was highly pleasing. He was what he looked—a sensible, accomplished, and charitable man, and, in another state of things, would worthily have filled the place of his great ancestor, Henry IV. Venice, I found, was a nucleus for these fallen dominations of Italy. Near the Comte de Chambord, or rather the Duke of Bordeaux, the title by which the Venetians know him, resided his close relations, the Dukes of Modena and Parma. They all appeared to live in the utmost luxury and wealth, and, in the time of their prosperity, to have made ample provision against the rainy day that rained so heavily upon them. But before Venice came the Italian lakes. They realised Mignon's song in "Wilhelm Meister." By some of them are to be found veritable orange and citron groves, which, however, were not so charming in fact as upon paper. The odour is too overpowering, and the lines of trees are so regularly arrayed as to produce much sameness. But it is difficult to describe the scenery without using language which,

however real, may convey the impression of being rhetorical. The hills are terraced and hung with vineyards wherever the situation admits of this; marble steps descend to the edge of the bluest waters; the gardens are adorned with statuary and shapely flower vases; the fig, myrtle, and lemon bloom everywhere; and the deep thickets are vocal with multitudinous nightingales. We are beneath the real skies of Claude, in the real woodlands of Salvator Rosa. Sometimes the lanes please the travellers by looking exactly like English lanes; and one commonly hears the true remark that the hop-grounds of Kent are as pretty as the vineyards of Italy and France. The beautiful and majestic appearance of Como at first struck me with astonishing effect; but in detail, perhaps, the Lake of Lugano gains upon one the most. It has a sublimity at the Porlezza end which Como and Maggiore do not possess. The scenery has a beautiful verdure, whereas in the other lake districts this seems withered by excessive heat. There are also many pleasant walks on tolerably level ground, while Como is so shut in by hills that a tolerably long walk is almost an impossibility.

In my first little tour among the lakes I met

some extremely pleasant people. We had Mr. Dupuis, who was formerly one of the Eton masters and the Vicar of Richmond. Mrs. Dupuis seemed the best linguist of our party, and managed all the Italian for us. She was a peculiarly graceful and pleasant person, and after Dupuis's time she married Lord Justice Selwyn, and lived to make a third marriage. There was also an accidental combination, an old pupil of Dupuis's at Eton, who had turned out a mighty hunter; a friend of Livingstone, who had hunted big game in Africa. The old schoolmaster used to think at times that the sturdy soldier was still a pupil at Eton. The wife of this gentleman—they were both of them very kind to me—was the sister of the proprietor of Newstead Abbey, and I was encouraged to visit Newstead, which I did at a later date, and found it a finer and more interesting place, with its Abbey ruins and fine sheets of water, than I had ever expected.

I never have been in a lazier place than Lugano, and each time I have been there I have become still lazier. I have always been there in the summer, but at the "Hôtel du Parc," they provide so carefully against the heat that I have felt it much less than I

did in London in the Jubilee year. One partook of iced drinks and ate green figs all through the heat of the day, and in the evening took walks in the chestnut woods or boated on the lake far into the night. The sensible people took mountain excursions, which I did myself in later years; but at this date I was not up to anything of the kind. At Lugano I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ramsay, and had the pleasure of promoting the publication of her fine translation of Dante. It was at this time that I made my first acquaintance with Milan, which I have repeatedly visited. The first view of the interior of the Cathedral is an epoch in life, as I suppose most of us have felt. Like the Laureate,

> I climbed the roof at break of day;

I experienced

> The height, the depth, the gloom, the glory.

Italian politics were very interesting just then, and also very difficult as a study. All the great questions involved are now settled, but at this date I found that I and most people scarcely comprehended the condition of things in Milan and Lombardy.

There was a great deal of inevitable jealousy which has since gone through several phases.

The chief interest of that time centred upon Garibaldi, and Milan was quite Garibaldian in its sympathies. Between Turin and Milan there was a strongly antagonistic feeling; they had angry words and even intimations that there might come a time of angry blows. Lombardy was, I think, scarcely comprehended in England. Why, it was asked, should Turin be great and prosperous, while Milan was probably not so rich as she was under Austrian rule, and Florence has lost her splendid court, and Naples is no longer a capital city, and the devout Modenese regret their pious Duke, and grass is growing in the streets of Ferrara? All these jealousies and recriminations were annihilated by the progress of events that gradually shifted the capital to Rome itself.

I stayed more than a week at Lugano, doing duty for the chaplain, Henry White, of the Savoy, who was absent. This chaplaincy differed from the great majority of chaplaincies on the Continent at that time, in not being under the Colonial and Continental Church Society. At the present time the S.P.G. has a large number of chaplaincies. Nearly every place

on the Continent which is considered to be attractive to English tourists, is provided with a chaplain for at least the four summer months by this society. The business arrangements were rather peculiar. The landlord of some great hotel finds it to be his interest to entertain some English clergyman for the season—which he does in the most liberal fashion—as this brings visitors to his hotel for the Sunday and, of course, part of the Saturday and Monday. A collection is made every Sunday for the funds of the society, and the society allows the clergyman a fixed sum, which is sometimes in excess, and at times is deficient as compared with the amount contributed by their own funds. It is with regret that I noticed wealthy English families, who would not in the least stint themselves in the way of carriages and champagne, content themselves with giving the smallest possible coins in their possession towards the cost of the services, which they professed greatly to appreciate.

It is an undoubted fact that the people whom you meet south of the Alps, both natives and travellers, are much more pleasant and agreeable than those whom you meet on the northern side. At Lugano,

which geographically is Italian, although politically it belongs to Switzerland, there were certainly pleasanter people than I met at any Swiss lake. The people whom you meet in one place are pretty certain to reappear in another, as they perform the regular tour. They come from all quarters of the earth. From China and India, by a prolonged overland route; there are men who have been to Egypt for their pleasure, and men who have been up the Nile in search of health; young ladies returning from Jerusalem, and especially delighted with Palestine, on account of the travelling on horseback. Some have been in Rome for the winter, and tell the private tittle-tattle of the last season; how the Japanese martyrs were not a success after all; how disgusted was the Pope with the stupidity of the arrangements; and how a proud banner suddenly crashed down at his feet, supposed to be ominous to His Holiness. One has come up from Nice, and says that the fishermen declare that no good fish has been caught since the annexation. There is no want of local topics, and one even begins to understand something of the tangle of Swiss politics. Then there is a great deal of gossip about those who have been

lingering on and on for months in this enchanted region. There was one very quiet man I met, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who I found represented one of the most famous firm of jewellers in the world. They have been in business in London ever since the time of Charles II., and their simple rule of success has been never to give credit to young men. There was one man with whom I made great friends. He had been in India in the Civil Service, and coming home on a furlough, had stayed in Italy for six years—one more instance of the singular fascination which Italy has for so many. He ruined my peace of mind by asking me to take charge of a case of jewels for a relation in London. Forty times a day I was feeling my pockets to see if the case were safe. I had no rest till I got back to town. The family were away, but I delivered it to the housekeeper, and obtained a receipt.

I was greatly taken by the summer aspect of Milan. Long after the British tourist has left the place, the Milanese lingers on. The Milanese noble considers that he will be much cooler and happier in his vast, cool palace in the narrow, shaded street, than in his hot, gay villa on the lakes. If he wants

a change he will go to the seaside, or if his health is infirm, he will go to the baths of Acqui, or to the less-known resorts of Stabia and Trescore. As long as he can the Milanese will herd with his kind, and has not much taste for any solitude, however romantic. It is a matter of curious speculation at what hour he goes to bed. When the coolness of evening comes on, he cannot enjoy it too much or too long. However late you are in the streets the *café* is unclosed, and men are reading or talking politics over their coffee or iced drinks, of which there is as great a variety as at an American bar. The Milanese is very sociable, fond of gossip and a little scandal, critical withal on books and pictures, and can amuse himself by improvising a little poetry. It would not be impossible, with a few rapid adjectives, to generalise on the characteristics of different parts of Italy, although this method would only give a random approximation to the truth. Thus the Milanese is liberal and expensive in his tastes, the Genoese is narrow and penurious, the Roman is proud and haughty, the Neapolitan would eat dirt.

One day I was at Desenzano, on the Lago Garda, Desenzano being the frontier town of the King of

Italy's dominions, and the lake itself the natural boundary between the kingdom of Italy and Venetia. Desenzano is a regular Italian town—dirty, arcaded, picturesque, with heaps of peaches and water-melons piled up in the streets for sale, and with a dogana and sort of harbour for the trading craft that coast along the vast sea-like lake. I greatly enjoyed my glimpse of Lago Garda, the upper part of which is very fine, and less visited by English tourists than ought to be the case. I was then pressing on to Venice, which I studied under very different conditions than is the case at present. I really think that Venice has lost something in prosperity and picturesqueness by the expulsion of the hated Austrian.

I was strongly advised not to write to any one while in Venice, as letters there have a curious aptitude for being opened by mistake, and strongly pronounced opinions might lead to a closer acquaintance with Venice interiors than might be desirable. Ten miles further than Desenzano, at Peschiera—so to speak, at the other extremity of the base of Lago Garda—I had to stay for an hour or two. The Austrian fortifications, a system of deep trenches,

leaving as little as possible above the level for exposure to fire, appeared to be coiled everywhere around us, with the accompaniment of armed soldiery. In the long run no use was ever made of this most elaborate quadrilateral. Our passports were examined with care and our luggage with much civility. I have been informed of instances where the passport has been examined about sixteen times in the course of a journey to Venice, and of very annoying supervision being exercised by the Austrian authorities. In Venetia, however, I was only asked for my passport twice, and each time at Peschiera, in passing and repassing the frontier. I met with a gentleman in the train, an Anglicised Italian, who told me that, travelling with a visa of too old a date, he was placed in a carriage and pair, guarded by two soldiers, reconducted to the frontier, and obliged to pay all expenses. Travelling onwards, the dry courses of rivers painfully pointed out the necessity of those schemes of artificial irrigation of which one always hears so much in this part of the world.

When I had passed Verona, an incident happened worth relating. The carriage was filled with

gentlemen, and my *vis-à-vis* was a man of gentlemanly and scholarlike appearance. I happened to ask my companions if there was any music in Venice—any opera, any concerts. A look of indescribable sadness pervaded the whole company, and I was given to understand that there was not. The gentleman took out his pocket-book and wrote something, which he handed to me. It was written in Latin, not very good, but intelligible enough: "May Heaven find for Venice some remedy for misfortune, or some consolation." When I had read this, he said in secret signs that I should destroy it at once, which I did immediately, and relieved his anxiety. We proceeded to carry on a little treasonable correspondence in Latin; but I cannot give it very accurately, as the bits of paper on each side were promptly destroyed. I told him that Garibaldi's friends were speaking very confidently of his being in Venice next year. He gave me to understand that he was a close connection of Garibaldi's, and that he, too, entertained great hopes. I asked him the truth of some stories which I had heard about Garibaldi's private life, and he told me that they were true enough. I said that it was by such men

that Heaven often accomplished great results. He assented, and we continued an interesting conversation till the railway across the waters took up all our attention with its marvellous effects; and when we reached the station he put me into the omnibus —that is to say, a gondola rather larger than the others.

The great charm of Venice is that it is so utterly unlike any other place you have ever seen. Amsterdam, however, is a kind of vulgar Venice, and has a shadowy resemblance. I should not wonder if it became a favourite resort for consumptive patients, as much so as Nice and Mentone. The people say that the climate worked wonders for the Empress of Austria last winter, and is mild and beneficial to a very high degree. Winter and spring make the Venice season. Splendid apartments may be procured at a moderate rate, provisions are abundant and cheap, and you may keep your carriage—that is, your gondola—for a trifle. The black gondola certainly looks rather hearse-like, but, stretched upon soft cushions beneath an awning, you think no other kind of locomotive is half so delightful. I was told that, for the first year of marriage, new brides are

allowed the privilege of a painted gondola; but either there were no brides, or the privilege is abandoned by them. I have met with a very few stupid people who professed themselves disappointed with Venice. As they float beneath the bridge of the Rialto, or stand upon the Bridge of Sighs, they wonder that these are not larger and grander, forgetting that the interest depends, not upon the vastness of proportion, but upon the association of ideas. I did the usual sights, to which I shall not allude. I made, however, a few gleanings which have escaped the ubiquitous Murray. In that valuable work I found an interesting account of the Austrian Governor's residence; but since that edition the residence of the Governor has been converted into the Palace of the Empress; and while the alterations were being made, during the time of Her Majesty's residence, and since that time, strangers have been rigorously excluded. We were anxious to see it, but our guide assured us it was an impossibility. English tourists, however, do not quite believe in this sort of impossibility; and we put a pretty speech into the guide's mouth, and, one of us accompanying him, made him deliver it to the Austrian commandant. This officer politely stated that, although

it had been their practice to be very strict, they were not indisposed to make relaxation in certain cases, and that at two o'clock we should be shown the place. At two o'clock we had, first of all, to see the pigeons eat. From time immemorial the pigeons are fed at the public expense—no one knows the origin of the custom—and as the hour draws on, and the great bells sound, it is most curious to watch the flocks of pigeons gathering together from every quarter of the heavens. No Venetian would dream of harming the sacred birds, and the pigeons move about among the people as unconcernedly as if the people were pigeons. Happily we have now the same thing at the British Museum and by the Guildhall. We then went to the Palace. The prospect thence was very fine, and the gardens the largest and the most beautiful in Venice, where gardens are very scarce. The Palace contains nearly nine hundred rooms, of which we only inspected the principal. The state rooms are divided off into several suites, the principal being those of the Emperor, those of the Empress, of the Empress-mother, and another set of four rooms for the Imperial child. Though small, the rooms were all furnished with extreme magnificence, each chamber

being in white and gold and gorgeous colours. Entering, on the right side were the rooms of the Empress, audience-room, ante-room, sitting-room, breakfast-room, writing-room, salon, small dining-room, bedroom, rooms for the wardrobe, rooms for the Empress's ladies. The ceiling is very fine. The rooms of the Emperor and the Empress-mother were on the same magnificent scale. The sitting-room of the Emperor is adorned with many fine pictures, all of them of the *scuola Veneziana* except one by Albert Durer. I was much struck with a fine piece of sculpture representing David and Goliath. In a room formerly the library there are twenty-eight paintings by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Andrea, Schiavoni, Vecellio. In the little private chapel there is a fine Paul Veronese. Some of the subjects are, of course, taken from the miracles of St. Mark. The grand staircase and gallery are filled up with pictures of enormous proportions. When we had been conducted over the Palace and were taking leave, we offered the attendants our gratuity, but this was politely declined, doubtless by the order of the authorities.

The same day I visited the island on which is the Armenian convent of St. Lazaro, a visit which proved

interesting. This is the convent where Lord Byron acquired his knowledge of the Armenian language. I was much struck with a very remarkable portrait, and on making an inquiry respecting it, was informed that it was one of a priest named Pascal, who had been Byron's tutor, and to whom the poet had been much attached. An old man was still residing in the convent who had known Byron. I greatly enjoyed a conversation which I had with him. For six months pretty regularly, Byron came over nearly every morning to prosecute his Armenian studies. He lived, the priest told us, like a bad, wicked man in Venice, and only in the quiet study overhanging the lagoon was he really happy. The convent people are most rigid Roman Catholics, and repudiate the Armenian Church. The priest rather curtly told me that 200,000 Armenians were Roman Catholics, and that the other 4,000,000 were schismatics. It certainly occurred to me that these terms might with some propriety be reversed. The convent is a college for the training up missionaries to labour among the heretic Armenians. I was asked if I should like to see the scholars, and when I replied in the affirmative, a bell was touched, and the whole of them turned out

in a sort of rank and file array. They did not appear to me to be either very happy or very clever; and as they are liable to be trotted out a dozen times a day for the inspection of tourists, their minds must be a little unsettled by these repeated interruptions to their studies. They are in the college for twelve years, for the last three of which they study theology; Latin they study, but not Greek, and in mathematics they attain to considerable proficiency. They have a printing-press, and only lately they had published in Armenian a poetical translation of Milton, a prose translation having previously appeared.

The life of Venice still beats vigorously at the heart, but in the extremities of the frame that life is withering away. The broad spaces guarded by St. Theodore and the winged lion of St. Mark are still full of business and pleasure; but if you visit in your boat the outskirts of the town, you no longer find summer palaces and gardens of delight, but the melancholy signs of the perishing of a high civilisation. To this the long island strip of the Lido was an exception. There the land has encroached gradually upon the sea, and sandy tracts have been changed into bounteous gardens. The great Venetian families,

at the date at which I write, were nearly all absentees, such families as the Giovanelli, Marielli, Morosini, Cozer, Albrize. Such aspects of Venice are melancholy enough, but this was certainly not the case with the piazetta. If I did not breakfast at the hotel—and the Venetian hotels, once palaces, are very good—I did so at Florian's *café* of world-wide celebrity, where a large section of fashionable society were drinking coffee and reading the morning papers. The papers, did I say? There was only one, the *Gazetta Ufficiale*, whose very title indicates the state of matters, and contrasts strongly with the prolific press of Milan. This daily journal, however, has a non-official part which gives a very fair summary of the general news. Still more gay was this same Florian's at night, for hundreds of people were partaking of ices and coffee, and many hundreds more promenading, while in the centre the Austrian band was performing the finest military music in the world. The ice-partaking and the promenading continued till any indefinite period of the night, strongly contrasting with sober German cities, where, when one walks out in the evening to survey the town, he finds that the town has long ago gone to

bed. A few words touching these Austrians. There were about 18,000 of them garrisoning Venice. A very large number of the soldiers appeared very young and imperfectly developed men, but the officers seemed invariably to be gallant and gentlemanly men. Whatever may have been the conduct of the Austrians in times past, their policy then appeared to be that of studious moderation ; a policy of conciliation which, however, quite failed to conciliate. The Emperor would not permit the slightest impertinence to be manifested by the soldiers ; indeed, all the impertinence was on the side of the populace. The affairs of the town were governed by municipal magistrates, and the name of the *podesta* was Bembo, of an ancient and illustrious stock. The ordinary taxation was the same as that imposed in other parts of the Empire. The general who commanded the troops in Venice bore a very high character. Some time since, a fine of three millions was imposed upon Venetia, in consequence of the failing conscription, owing to the prevalence of absenteeism. Strong representations were made to the Emperor by the Town Council, and he generously remitted one-half of the fine.

The Italian and the Austrian perfectly understood the state of the case. The Italian hated the Austrian, and would have liked to murder him. But he knew perfectly well that any insurrection would be utterly futile, unless seconded by a large foreign force. The Austrian, comprehending that this was a time of waiting, and not of action, somewhat relaxed the vigilance of his supervision. There was no difficulty in searching for treason. All Venice then talked treason and looked treason. The Austrian knew that, unless Napoleon was upon him, or Victor Emmanuel, or Garibaldi, the treason would be confined to words and looks. The events of 1848 and 1849 were a terrible lesson. But, though the espionage was relaxed, and the arrests were much less frequent, and the Garibaldian crisis was expected to make an increase of arrests, I was also credibly assured that, notwithstanding Austrian diligence, large quantities of arms were secreted in the place. The whole place was stirred by the prophetic anticipations of the coming time.

I remember that I found it impossible to buy an Italian Testament in Venice. I wanted to take out Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" from a circulating

library, but the charge for the loan was the modest price of a napoleon a volume, so I let them alone.

I remember meeting with a very charming young fellow at Venice. He had been staying at Fontainebleau, and had joined in a hunt of the wild stag. He had been fortunate to come in at the death of the stag, with the Emperor and one or two fair huntresses. He received the honour of an invitation to dinner the same evening at the Palace. Into the pretty pond, in front of the Palace windows, the Emperor had an unfortunate tumble one evening, which was very little mentioned or talked about at the time, but may since be regarded as emblematic. For a short time my friend had an unlooked-for familiarity with the details of Court life, with which he was by no means impressed. He was very much troubled about his invitation, and did not exactly know what was best to do about it. He had no Court dress, for one thing, but this was a want which the Court Chamberlain would easily have removed. The more serious difficulty was that he had to push on to Geneva, and keep an engagement with some old ladies. A positive engagement was, very properly, something sacred in his eyes; and he refused the Imperial

command to keep faith with his friends. I dare say they would have excused his giving preference to the Emperor.

I have known men, I am bound to say, especially clergymen, refuse the most tempting invitations in order to keep faith with humble people, or discharge some small duty. I remember a similar case. A college friend told me that he had been having tea with the Tennysons, at Freshwater, and the Poet Laureate had kindly invited him to take a walk with him.

"I should have been pleased to have gone with Tennyson," he said, "but, you see, I had promised old Thompson to take a walk with him, and of course he came first."

I must say a few more words about the youth of Fontainebleau and of Venice. I had been thrown into sudden intimacy with him there, and we had passed a few days in gondolas together, and I was greatly pleased with him. One morning he entered my bedroom, at an hotel at Lugano, utterly exhausted with fatigue and covered with dust. He had started that morning from Camerlata—that was before the time of the St. Gothard Railway—and had walked on

foot the whole way to Lugano. He had lost all his money since I left him. I believe he told me how, but if so, I have quite forgotten it. Happily he had bethought himself that I said that I was staying some time at Lugano, and he found that he had just enough coin to take him to the Camerlata terminus, and no more. When he had brushed up and restaurated he was quite a different creature.

I called in my landlord—of the "Hôtel du Parc" —M. Beha, whom many of us knew as a very good sort of man, to a consultation. He could tell a gentleman by a glance of the eye, and quickly informed me that he should be happy to entertain my friend as long as he liked, and to lend him any money he might require. This was not necessary, and we started next day for the Simplon; and then all up the Rhone valley—then also without a railway—and so on to Geneva. Nothing could exceed the heat and dreariness of that long journey by diligence through the Rhone valley. There my young friend found his remittances, and went away, and I saw him no more.

I had my disappointments while I was abroad. I had known a son of M. d'Aubigny while I was in

Scotland, and sought out him and his father at Lausanne. I had read D'Aubigny's work with interest and instruction, and though he is not a great writer, he has many of the elements of a true historian. He was away for a summer holiday, and I missed him. Two things impressed me much at Lausanne. First, I stayed at the hotel where Gibbon lived when he finished his "Decline and Fall," and took his memorable moonlight walk in the garden, which he has recorded in the gem of his "Autobiography." Next, I climbed to the top of the Cathedral tower, with the vast lake outspread beneath me. Here, as in all the cathedrals of Protestant countries on the Continent, I had a feeling of dreadful disappointment. In the first place these cathedrals are jealously cut off from public use. All the old glory and beauty have departed. They are like little conventicles set down beneath the protecting frame of the cathedrals. The cathedrals seem to exist for the sake of the care-keeper, who receives a regular fee for unlocking them. I felt this first at Lausanne, but I have had the same feeling in other places in Switzerland—very notably at Berne—and in places in the North of Europe.

My other disappointment was about Garibaldi. My friend, Alessandro Gavazzi, had given me an introduction. Gavazzi I had known with some intimacy for many years past. He said, in neat Italian phrase, that his friend wished to shake "the hand that had liberated Italy." Garibaldi was then staying somewhere on Lake Como, and I sought him out. I thought at first of following him to Capri, but that was beyond the length of my tether.

Switzerland was as full of tourists as ever that year. The wonderful scenery is a most important source of national wealth, and is as regularly depended upon as any vast industrial pursuit. Geneva had been very full, and the great hotels, whose resources appear illimitable, had been taxed to the uttermost, for every Swiss tourist appeared to consider his travels incomplete unless he had made a formal visit to Geneva; and yet to make any stay here is, I think, for most people a mistake. The fresh tourist does so, but the experienced tourist certainly does not, unless he is enamoured of the city, which tries, amid lakes and mountains, to revive a miniature Parisian life. At Geneva the lake narrows itself to a quayed river, and the sun beats fiercely on the pave-

ments, and the really pretty spots, like the island of Jean Jacques Rousseau, owing to the influx of townspeople, were little better than the tea-gardens of a suburban public-house. One listened to a great deal about Calvin, Rousseau, and Voltaire, and sees "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone," where Byron approves himself a poet by the force and accuracy of his epithets.

Geneva, in historical and literary associations, is peculiarly rich, but here a visit to localities is of very limited service. A little hard preliminary reading is of much use, and a large proportion of travellers lose a great source of pleasure, and entail on themselves a great deal of perplexity, by having to cram upon the spot, and for the moment, from the pages of Murray. Geneva is also important as being, even more than Lucerne or Berne, a focus of Swiss society. I remember gratefully much kindness that was shown me by one of the most illustrious sons of Geneva—Cæsar Malan. One school of Swiss politicians are very anxious that she should now really have a history—that the country should be more closely united, should assert a place in the European system, and begin to intermeddle with foreign politics. This is a kind of

"Young Switzerland" party, whose views are not generally popular, and are distasteful to that section of the people who would prefer that the national energies should be more exclusively directed to the pillaging of foreigners.

Calvin is still the patron saint of Geneva, but Geneva now differs greatly from the time when Calvin was its Protestant Pope. Calvin was far from being so much of a Calvinist as is generally supposed. There was an infinite amount of what was good and noble about him, despite his own ingenuous confession, to which the episode of Servetus attaches force, that he was "a ferocious beast, animated by great and numerous vices."

The present fashions contrast strongly with his sumptuary laws, and the rigid Sabbath observance is yielding to all the laxities of Continental usage. The city itself, to a great extent, has become Roman Catholic; not, however, by any process of apostasy, but by the intermixture of new elements. The Congress of Vienna attached several Roman Catholic districts to the canton, in exchange for other lands, and, since the annexation of Nice and Savoy, many thousands, rather than submit to French rule, have

migrated into Switzerland, and added materially to the Roman Catholic population of the town.

I went by a route which, never much frequented, is now very little used, since the opening of the railway from the lake of Neufchâtel to the lake of Morat. The stream between the two lakes is so narrow that it almost seemed impossible for the steamer to traverse it. The water displaced by the steamer's bulk almost overflowed the banks. Morat is a pretty little town, famous for the tragedy of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. Here I had association with British fiction. The excellent Neufchâtel champagne is commemorated by Dickens and Wilkie Collins in their "No Thoroughfare," and the magic pen of Sir Walter has immortalised Morat.

I was several times brought into close quarters with Roman Catholic priests on this journey. Some seemed very good men, and I was greatly impressed with them; some seemed the reverse. There was one old priest, reading his Breviary, who had a most beautiful face, full of patience and benignity. We entered into conversation, and I explained to him that I was a heretic. He listened to me with the liveliest emotion, and said that the loving Church

would open its arms to receive the repentant heretic. I was not so much impressed with another priest, who asked whether I was able to converse with him in Latin. Now, it so happened that, during my brief stay in Venice, I had been talking in Latin, such as it was, with several Jesuits. I therefore ventured to say that I should be very pleased to talk with him in Latin. At this answer he was apparently struck dumb, and never opened his lips again. From his looks you would as soon have expected a Suffolk agriculturist to talk Latin.

I stayed on my way back at Baden-Baden, and saw the gambling-tables in full activity. I was very much amused at Baden-Baden in falling in with the President of Liberia and his principal Secretary of State. They were intensely black, and the Secretary was adorned with a profusion of ornamentation. The President told me that he had been in London, and had been received with every attention by the Prime Minister. I gravely assured him that the English people would have been very much dissatisfied if such had not been the case. Then we separated, the distinction of ranks being satisfied by the President going in the first-class

and the Secretary and myself in the second. The great official seemed greatly impressed both with his own importance and with the importance of Liberia in the commonwealth of nations. He was the duskiest man I ever saw, and at the same time very acute. I asked him about the prospects of the African race generally, and if he found that his cause made much progress on the Dark Continent. He fiddled his gold chain, and was unable to give any satisfactory reply. "Fac' is, sar, dem niggars is so incivilised."

I knew another celebrated negro, Bishop Crowther, who began life as a boy in a slave gang, and lived to be consecrated a bishop in Westminster Abbey. He was popular as a preacher in England; but I thought that there was very little mental force about him. His sermons were a cento of texts, and characterised by extreme tenuity of thought. It was suggested that he might find a good text in the words: "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." I remember how greatly some of my American friends were impressed by the fact of a negro being consecrated bishop in Westminster Abbey, and in company with some Englishmen

similarly consecrated. The African mind requires an immense process of development before it can be raised to the European level; but I was extremely glad that Crowther was thus consecrated. It is much to be wished that they would ordain some native Hindoo to be bishop. There must be a large native episcopate in heathen lands before there can be much real Church extension.

I know a lady in London who had a negro servant, and being of a very kind and compassionate mind, she told him that he had better go and see his friends, who lived in a native village about a hundred miles inland from the exterior. She accordingly sent him to Sierra Leone, from whence he made his way into the interior to the place where his people lived. He made his reappearance in London a year or so afterwards, and told her that when he got among his relatives he "sat down and wept bitterly because they had no manners."

There was a well-known lady who had a large drawing-room in her house on behalf of missions, and issued a circular note to her friends, saying that the meeting would be addressed "by a gentleman of colour." The negro pastor happened to get a sight of the circular, and took great umbrage

thereat. He didn't come there to be insulted; he wasn't going to be called "a gentleman of colour" by any man; and he walked himself off. I will ask the reader to pardon this digression *à propos* of the respected President of Liberia.

When I got back from my travels, I resumed duty at the London church to which I was attached, and went on with what literary work I could get. My hands were tolerably full, but I should have liked a good deal more. I expect I had quite as much as was good for me. There were four or five periodicals to which I contributed. But as the late autumn drew on I found myself much oppressed by the London climate—the smoke, damp, and fog. I came to the unwilling conclusion that it was impossible for me to live through a winter in town, and I thought I could not do better than return to Hastings, which I regarded as a sheet anchor. I had the "beloved physician" there kinder than ever; some clerical work, fairly within my power; some old friends and some new ones. It was an anxious time on many accounts; but I was brought prosperously on till the early summer, when I thought that, like the human swallows, I ought to take flight to a more bracing air.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS.

From restorative Hastings, which had pulled me up and for which I have always a good word, I went over to Paris. I had been there once, for eleven bright days, but I was destined to know the beautiful city well and to visit it often. I had as a correspondent a remarkable man, who lived there, and with whom I remained on most friendly terms till the day of his death; his name was Archer Gurney. He had some idea that an English college might be established in Paris in connection with his church, and that I might be Principal. I do not think that either of us took up the idea very seriously. I did not share his intense conviction that such a school or college was greatly wanted, and I found myself caring less and less for educational work. Literary and church work was what I really liked. One of the magazines had given me a commission for a set of articles on

French subjects, and I also had commissions from several other periodicals and papers. The climate of Paris is singularly good for bronchitis. I see that a medical man has written a book on the subject. I have not read the book, but I can testify from my own experience and that of others to the excellence of the climate. I knew a man who found himself utterly unable to live in London. He found that he simply could not exist. So after trying the interesting experiment of moving from latitude to latitude about the globe, he settled down in Paris, where for many years he has had a prosperous career. For a time the winter is very sharp, but it does not last long, and the clear, transparent, bracing air is always invigorating and wholesome.

I soon knew the clergy of the three English churches, and of the American Episcopal Church. My friend Gurney had what was called "The Court Church," a large room which he hired for three hundred a year, and to which he gave all the ornamentation that was possible. He seemed to have more services than any other clergyman, and he worked energetically, and single-handed. I acted as a kind of honorary curate to him for many months,

although we were very far from being in accord on many points. He combined some of the most extreme points of the Broad Church School with some of the most extreme points of the High Church School. He would preach in favour of purgatory, and against eternal punishment, gave up verbal inspiration, and denounced "the natural Protestantism of the poor human heart." Consequently he trod upon people's ecclesiastical toes all the way round. There was something very attractive in the fearless intrepidity with which he freely discussed matters. There was a great personal charm about him, and he was pre-eminently a righteous man. He touched hearts and intellects which would have been untouched by men of a different order. I have met with men who, after many years had rolled away, could not speak of his teaching without emotion, or of himself without affection.

He was a man with a history. He belonged to a Cornish family. He was a barrister, and had offered himself as a candidate at Durham and I think elsewhere for parliamentary honours, but in vain. He turned to literature, and produced poems of a high class, which, however, failed to create much

impression. One of his poems, "Arouse thyself, Acastor man," is very autobiographical. In London he knew many of the leading literary men of the day. He knew Douglas Jerrold very well, and I think Browning, and he used to tell me of the religious discussions which he held with Jerrold, and the hopelessness of Jerrold's views. He served some time in the diocese of Exeter and Exeter itself. Then he went abroad. For some time he resided at Vienna, then he came to Paris, and as the only churches there—excellent in their way—were of a very Low Church stamp, there was certainly room for another church with more definite Church teaching. He did his work manfully. He told me that he had been the means of preventing many people from going over to Rome. Often some of his people did go over to Rome all the same. He only gave up his charge when Paris was fast being encompassed by the German hosts. He at times tried hard to obtain promotion in the Church. He did duty at Worthing, Brighton, and Hastings, but he did not obtain any living. He did not even obtain any desirable curacy on which he might set his desires. From his beautiful home in Oxford, from which he wrote to me only a few weeks before he

died, he used to take duty in London, and in Oxford and its neighbourhood. It seemed to me a very great pity that a man of such energy, zeal, and real piety, could find no place in the enormous patronage of the Church of England. He was so utterly opposed to all conventionality, and had such a marked character, that he would not very easily fall into his place in the regular ranks; but the good which such a man could do among young men of the present day would be immense; and he did such effective service as his opportunities permitted.

In Paris I had the pleasure of making my first acquaintance with the late Lady Franklin. In many ways she was a remarkable person. She had a large fortune of her own, which she mainly devoted towards the expenses of the voyages in search of her husband. She was a little woman, very gracious and kindly in manner, and with a low, sweet voice. It required a little time to understand her. She had an iron will of her own, and intense intellectual activity. She was staying with a friend of mine, a lady who, under modest initials, had written some beautiful little books on natural history. For so small a personage Lady Franklin was a very determined character.

"Lady Franklin," said her hostess to me, "could not find a piece of paper last night, and we were up till four o'clock in the morning searching through every box she had until we could find it." She spoke very freely of her husband, of the days when they lived in Van Dieman's Land together. I remember her telling me of a murder, where some men had been convicted, and the friends of the prisoners besought her to use her influence with her husband for a commutation of the sentence. She told them, sternly, that she could not do so, as her sympathies were certainly with the family of the murdered person.

Lady Franklin had a charming villa at Kensington Gore, to which, in after years, she often made me welcome. It had a large and lovely garden, such as we rarely find in London houses. She gave pleasant parties, where one met with delightful people, but she herself was as delightful as any one. She took the keenest interest in the religious-scientific controversies of the day. There seemed to be no one of any eminence with whom she was not acquainted. Owing to her incessant activity, she seemed to live "in the middle of everything," and with her perfect quietude, she never gave you the

sense of any hurry. But there was a great restlessness about her, probably owing in part to her incertitude about her husband's fate. The way she flew about the world was astonishing, and surpassed any professional globe-trotter. In this respect she was like the late Sir Henry Holland; but he always put a limit of three months to his holidays, and in those three months would contrive to visit the most distant parts of the world. Lady Franklin was quite free from limits. One winter she was off to Majorca and Minorca; another winter she was in India; another she was in the Pacific islands. She was very kind to me, and I shall have something to say about her later on.

I used to meet a kind-hearted Scottish nobleman in Paris with whom I got on very well. Lord G—— had lived many years in Paris, and knew every one. It was quite amusing to walk with him up the Champs Elysées. As the carriages and coursers raced along, he was taking off his hat every second. Every one liked that kindly, honest face.

"You ought to know the Ambassador," he said to me. "I will give you a letter of introduction."

So we sat down in his study, and he went to his writing-desk.

"Do you happen to know," he said, with a look of mild inquiry, "how many D's there are in the word 'introduce'?"

I happened to have the special knowledge that there was only a solitary D in the word in question, and so the letter of introduction was given.

The letter led to several pleasant results. Lord Cowley had a son whom he asked me to prepare for the Foreign Office. The examination was a difficult one, extending over a variety of subjects, and never did a man work harder or try more earnestly to do his duty than did this young man. I had to remonstrate very seriously on his excessive application, and his father consequently, in the winter, made him take to shooting in the Chantilly preserves once a week. Some fine pheasants did not fail to put in an appearance in my apartments. The mornings passed very pleasantly as we went over subjects that taxed my own thought and reading as well as his own. Was there any way, Lord Cowley asked me, in which his son could be passed through his examination without all this tremendous preparation? Unfortunately, I knew of no such way. Mr. Wellesley would have adorned the service much more than many a man who

had passed every possible examination. His great relative, the Duke of Wellington, would never have got into the army by examination.

There were not many parties at the Embassy, and those that were given were reported to be dull. I heard a story, which I give without vouching for it, that a man who was passing through Paris got an invitation, and, wandering about, came into a room in which there was only one other person. The guest threw himself on a sofa with a yawn, and declared that everything was insupportably dull. The other man replied : "If you don't like it, sir, you had better go away. As I am the host, I am chained to the spot." In later years Lord Cowley came into a considerable estate from the Long-Pole Wellesley property, which caused a great deal of umbrage to some of his kindred. The fact was that his post at Paris was an extremely anxious one. As Tennyson says :

> It is true that we have a faithful ally,
> But only the Devil knows what he means.

And those who tried to be thought-readers were endeavouring to find out whether the next war would be with Germany or England. There were never wanting sparks of trouble which might be easily fanned into a

blaze. These anxieties must have pressed very heavily on the Ambassador. The ladies persuaded him to go to the Opera, and at the Opera he generally fell asleep. It was about the wisest thing he could do.

I made friends with some very interesting people in Paris. I made great friends with a Cambridge man, who was married and domiciled in Paris. He subsequently took orders and came in for his peerage. We had many a pleasant stroll about Paris, mornings and evenings, observing and discussing men and manners, and sometimes going into the neighbourhood, far into the lovely country. Through him, indirectly, I made acquaintance with Dr. Campbell, the physician, *accoucheur* to the Empress. He was a Scotchman, who had become thoroughly Gallicised, but all the same recognised me as a compatriot. I found him extremely kind and sociable, and very skilful. He said that the Emperor's direct line depended on the Prince Imperial, for it was impossible that the Empress would have another son. Moreover, I had the great happiness of finding in Paris one of my old and best Oxford friends. He was a Travelling Fellow of the University of Oxford, and according to the terms of his Fellowship he had to

spend a certain time in the medical schools of Paris before proceeding to Vienna. Happily his time of residence to a great extent synchronised with my own. With him I have had the blessing of a life-long friendship.

I had very pleasant times in Paris in those days. A brother cleric let me his apartments, or flat, while he went to the Rhine, and looking for it later on I found that it had been swept away in the demolition and reconstruction of the time. I found a lovely little pavilion in the middle of a garden in the Champs Elysées. It was just vacated by American friends, of whom I knew something. You entered through the court of a big house, and protected by its gates and a watchful *concierge.* I had this quiet, secluded home and court just off the Grand Avenue. There I abode for many pleasant months, broken by runs to England and visits to places in the neighbourhood, especially Chantilly. I wondered that such a modest dwelling should be found in the fashionable quarter; and some time afterwards, when I revisited the spot, I found that my pavilion had disappeared, and a magnificent mansion, of the marble hall kind, had been erected in its stead.

Sometimes we discussed British fiction at the Embassy. One day a Queen's messenger had arrived with despatch boxes. I asked whether anything of importance had arrived. "Only novels from Mudie's," said my young friend, "and they won't bring more than a certain weight with them." Then we spoke of his kinsman Lord Lytton's novel of magic, "A Strange Story." The remarkable thing about Lord Lytton was that he believed nearly every word of his romance. He was firmly convinced that there was a world of supernatural intelligences around us, with whom we could hold correspondence. His leading ideas are indicated in "A Strange Story," and are supported with much reasoning and learning.

Once I was staying at a country inn near town, where Lord Lytton had been spending a Sunday a short time before. It was near the brow of a hill that commanded a fine view of London. He wrapped himself up in a cloak and lay all day long on the hillside, looking towards London. He was in this contemplative or abstracted mood all day long. He would not have been known only he characteristically left his keys behind him, and wrote for them.

One day the Dean of Windsor looked in upon

us at the Embassy. He wanted the playbill of the opera that evening. It was interesting to see so near a kinsman of the great Duke. A quarter of a century passed before I saw him again, and then under somewhat curious circumstances. I had been boating on the Thames, and coming to Windsor, as my custom generally is at Windsor, I went to attend the service at St. George's Chapel. The white-robed choir filed in, and then came the Dean in solitary state. The service ought to have begun, but there was a solemn, unbroken silence for nearly twenty minutes. There was no minor canon in attendance. There was a minor canon—of whose name I am ignorant—who ought to have been in attendance, but who was ignorant, or professed to be ignorant, of the hour when his own service commenced. With tottering gait and feeble voice the old Dean went through the service. The unusual exertion must have been a shock to him. He died a few months later. I am afraid the circumstance did him no good. I heard an interesting anecdote of Dean Wellesley. He was fond of music and he was fond of soldiers. He gave a soldier a ticket to go to a performance of the "Messiah." He met

the soldier when the oratorio was over, and asked him how he liked it. The man said he could not say how he liked it, but it had made him feel very queer and bad in the inside. The kind-hearted Dean told him to go indoors and have a glass of brandy. "No, thank you, sir. I don't mind telling you that I have taken a great deal too much brandy in my time, and I am now going home to say my prayers." This has been told me as an illustration of the religious value of oratorio music. I am sure that Handel's "Messiah" is the quintessence of innumerable sermons. Haydn wrote the "Creation" almost literally upon his knees; and one of our greatest singers told a friend that when she was singing sacred words in oratorio or concert, she felt herself carried away and almost possessed, and knew that she was the vehicle of declaring sacred truth to the large multitude before her.

I was asked to take the services at the American Episcopal Church during the absence of the Incumbent in America, raising funds for a better building, which in turn has been superseded by a third. The Americans then assembled in a big room, No. 7, Rue de la Paix, and were contented with a morning

service. I wrote to Bishop Tait on the subject, who was supposed to have under his fatherly superintendence all English clergy and English congregations on the Continent, and he wrote a kindly letter, giving a ready assent, and considering that my doing so would be strengthening the relationship between the Anglican and American Churches. The service-book varies very little from our Prayer-book, and one or two of the variations are instructive. When I was in Paris the other day, I visited the beautiful, cathedral-like church raised by the American Episcopalians, in which I may be said to have laid a stone, and found that I was not unremembered by some of them.

I was thus brought into contact with various Parisian-Americans. I have met with Americans who have told me that, when finishing their travels in Europe, they have looked back on the time they spent in England as the most delightful of all their experiences. On the other hand, I have met with American families who have hurried through Europe, and have never thought it worth their while to visit England. The American ladies whom I met in Paris are quite a class by themselves. I patriotically believe

that Englishwomen, in their sweetness, beauty, and enduring home qualities, are in advance of the sex all over the world; but the Parisian-American has a grace and brilliancy peculiarly her own. I found that, to a great extent, the American ladies know very little of America. They had spent most of their time in Italy and France. Some of them have expressed a great regret that they have not a Queen and an aristocracy, and I am afraid that their best people stand studiously aloof from American politics. One of the American gentlemen whose house I used to visit was a descendant of one of the Consuls who had office with Napoleon in the old Consulate days, and his house was more French than English. There was another who married a French Count, and had some delightful parties—mixed French and American, with a slight English element.

Very often I met with people of the genuine Yankee type. They were people who would make a lot of money in America, come over and spend it, and then go back to America for more. There is a great deal of generosity about the Americans; and English clergymen who are called to officiate at baptisms, marriages, and funerals have never any

occasion to complain of the narrowness of their fees.

One day, strolling in the street, I met the American whom I succeeded in the possession of the abode I mentioned.

"Well," he said, with a hearty shake of the hand, "and how's business?"

"Business?" I said, meditatively; "and what's that? What do you mean? I haven't the luck to be in business."

"Well, I mean the preaching trade."

"Oh, that's all right; only we parsons don't call it business, you know."

"Wal, I do call that affectation, you know. What do you get your bread and butter by?"

"Well, we may get our bread by it, but we don't get our butter."

I left him trying to unravel the meaning of my remark.

I ought not, however, to tell this as a story against the Yankees. There came into a parish of which I had charge for many years an old butler who took a public-house. As I came up from church one day, he touched his hat and said: "I hope, sir, that you will recom-

mend me to your customers!" I found that he meant by my customers the people who came to church.

There was an Englishman found dead at his hotel. He had left very few effects behind him, but they had found out the names of his friends and had written to them, and the telegraphic message had come back—"Do the best you can for him." The man being dead, it was difficult to see what "the best" could be for him. The only course was to bury him. An official from the Embassy said there was not enough money left even to offer me a fee, but would I, nevertheless, go out to Père la Chaise and officiate? It was a long way off, and took the heart out of the day, but I conceived that I had no alternative but to do so. It was with curious feelings that I found myself, in my Anglican vestments, threading those groves and pathways passing by Abelard's tomb. I was glad to do this last act of kindness for the forlorn stranger, yet countryman, who had passed away so sadly.

This clerk wrote to his friends at home to say what had been done. Then a curious answer came. It was all a mistake. The man was a Roman Catholic, and must be taken up and buried over again, which I believe was done, the funds being forthcoming.

I was told that the officials were surprised at my having gone through the whole service. When there was no fee or only a very small fee, the priests materially shortened the service.

I had become introduced to an aged American lady, all alone in the world, but well-known and highly esteemed among the resident American population. I delighted much in her conversation. From her room window in the Rue de Rivoli she had seen Louis Philippe come out of the Tuileries, get into a *voiture*, and go quietly away on that journey from which he emerged as Mr. Smith, at Newhaven. I think her age was at least ninety. I asked her if she felt her time had been so very long. She answered that it was nothing now it had gone, it had all passed by as a dream. She was in a very ailing state, and asked me to come and see her as often as I could. Suppose, she said, that I came to see her every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I told her that I was a very busy man, and could not engage to come so often, but that I would come whenever I could. Then I gave her a long pastoral visit—my clerical brethren will understand what that means—and I think I left her soothed and comforted. As I was

leaving, she took her purse out of her pocket and proceeded to select some coins, which she was about to hand to me.

"My dear friend, what is this? What are you about to do?"

"I am going to give you a fee for your visit."

"We clergymen of the Church of England do not take fees for our visits to the sick."

"Don't you really! The Roman Catholic clergy always take fees."

"We Anglican clergy do nothing of the sort. The only thing that will ever prevent my visiting you will be the offering me a fee."

So I visited her, not so often as I could have wished, but as often as I could, hardly a week elapsing without one or two calls. One afternoon when I called, I found that she had passed away. The dear old soul left me a trifling legacy as a mark of her esteem.

I am sure that I did right by refusing her fee, but at the same time I am a little inconsistent, for I really do not see why poor clergymen should not receive compensation for the trouble which they give themselves in the case of rich people. I have often

thought that the clergy might be allowed to practise as doctors. I have known clergymen who have duly qualified and practised gratuitously among the poor. Some, under such circumstances, have given up the clerical and practised the medical profession. Why should not the two be combined ?

In those days we all went to Galignani's. Old Galignani was one for whom all men felt respect. He made large sums, and he spent much money very nobly in the cause of charity. There was then an admirable library and news-room, but the English did not support it adequately, and the place was given up. It is a pity that the English visitors and residents did not support it, if simply on public and patriotic grounds. Then *Galignani* as a daily journal has practically been swept away, for it has passed into the hands of the Americans. Many pleasant hours I used to pass at Galignani's, and met various nice people there. But my literary headquarters were at the famous library in the Rue Richelieu, famous under its varying names of Bibliothèque Royale, Impériale, Nationale. In those days it did not have the reading-room now attached to it. There was just one room in the heart of the library. For all purposes

of comfort and study it was not a patch on the Bodleian or the British Museum. They would give you one book or even two. If you asked for a third, the librarian put on a grieved and concerned expression. If you asked for a fourth, my impression is that it would be sternly refused. In the great English libraries there is practically no limit to your demands. Good old Christopher Wordsworth, who died Bishop of Lincoln, used to come here sometimes, and find much good literary matter for his books, especially, I suppose, those dealing with the Roman question. I remember that when Kinglake's "Crimean War" could not be seen at the booksellers', being prohibited, I believe, by the police, I was able to procure and read it at the Bibliothèque. I used to sit opposite to the famous Armenian, who attended as regularly as a clock goes. Some Parisian wag played him a ruse by getting up exactly the same dress and sitting opposite to him. The library is much richer in MSS. than the British Museum. At this time I was studying the life and writings of Pascal with great avidity. I remember thankfully some help which I obtained in this study from some letters sent me by the late Mr. Beard of Liverpool, whose "Port Royal" holds its own by

the side of Ste.-Beuve's great work. I obtained an order to examine the original MSS. of Pascal's MS. the "Pensées." So far as I could make out it was designed as a work on the Christian Evidences. Pascal had fastened his MSS. on a wire, just as we would a collection of bills. Sometimes there was simply the back of an envelope, then an illegible scrawl on a scrap of paper, then a neatly finished writing of several pages. There is no limit to the possible number of editions, as you have only got to arrange the pages differently and then we have a new edition. There are various interesting memorials of Pascal in Paris which I carefully looked up. People who do not care much about Pascal generally, will be interested in learning that he was the inventor of omnibuses. The grandfather of Tasso was the first who devised a postal system. Similarly our own philosophic Priestley was the inventor of the refreshing beverage of aerated waters. At the bridge of Courbevoie there was that crisis in his history when his horses fell into the Seine, and he was left on the verge in his carriage. Then he wrote out the pious resolutions which he always wore around his neck, and which I examined among his MSS. Then

there is the Tour de St. Jacques, where there is his statue on the spot where he weighed the atmosphere. At a later date I went out to examine the shrines of Port Royal. I was benighted in the forest, but fell in with a peasant who brought me out of it many miles from my starting point.

There was one man whom I used to meet named Fitzgerald, a contemporary of Macaulay's and Praed's, a man of whom great things had been prophesied in his day, but who somehow had dropped out of the running. I remember *The Times* once saying how curiously he had disappeared from scenes where he had been famous. He told me that at one time he wrote poetry for which he was paid a guinea a line. He read me many of Praed's letters, and letters from the late Duke of Wellington, who was anxious that his father, the great Duke, should do something for him. I was very much disappointed with Praed's letters; they seemed to indicate a considerable capacity for political intrigue. He described himself as ready to hang about the lobby of the House and to spread rumours at the clubs. After all, I imagine that he was too good for a politician, there was a true vein of poetic genius about him which

will keep his memory alive. Fitzgerald was to have introduced me to George Sand (Madame Dudevant), but it never came off. I had a misunderstanding with him which was probably the reason. He and I ran in different grooves. The acquaintance was pleasant enough while it lasted.

A different kind of acquaintance was l'Abbé Guettée, of the Greek church. He was the editor of a periodical, *L'Union Chrétienne*, with whose aim I was and am in thorough sympathy. The tone and spirit of his writings would go far as a factor to the reunion of Christendom. I used to go to the Greek church, near the Parc Monceau, as I have to Greek churches later. They were very kind to me at their clergy house. They showed me all over their conventual buildings, and gave me their service-books. They were careful to explain to me that they could not have done this if I had been a Roman Catholic, but they were glad to recognise an Anglican. The object of *L'Union Chrétienne* was very much like that of Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," only Abbé Guettée would not have gone so far as Dr. Pusey in conciliation with Rome. The dogma of the Pope's infallibility has been a heavy blow to hopes of reunion, and

has evoked the Old Catholic movement, which, perhaps, may get at the same thing in a better way.

This Abbé Guettée was a very remarkable man, with a history like Blanco White's. He was a Roman Catholic priest with a great love of learning, and formed a design of writing a "History of the Church of France," which he carried through many volumes. The Ultramontane party were, perhaps, quicker than the author in discovering the drift of the Gallican character of the work, and, though his work in early days received the support of some forty bishops, became his steady opponents. Eventually, in the course of his investigations, he came to the conclusion that the Church of Rome was corrupt and schismatic. At a somewhat later date the Old Catholic movement would have exactly met his case; but, though Döllinger's mind was probably working in the same direction, there was no outcome as yet. Guettée sought a home in the Eastern Church, and brought out his *L'Union Chrétienne*, in combination with the Archpriest Wassilioff, the head of the Russo-Greek Church in Paris. The Russian Church gave him a doctorate of theology, accepted him as one of her best sons, and his books were brought out simul-

taneously in Russia, France, and America. In England we seem to know very little about him. I was greatly impressed with what I saw of him myself.

I always endeavoured to see what I could of the working of charitable institutions, both among our own countrymen and the French people. There was a Protestant Deaconesses' Convent which I used to visit very often. There was a poor English governess, whom I knew, who suffered from a tumour. She went to Baron Nélaton, the great surgeon, about it. (Why don't we make barons of our great doctors and surgeons?) She asked him his fee. "My lowest fee in money," said Baron Nélaton, "is five hundred francs; but I have another fee for you, which is nothing." She went to the good sisters during her illness, from which she made a fair recovery; and while I visited her I saw a good deal of the Protestant Deaconesses and their system, and with very great admiration and sympathy.

I remember there was a great shock in Paris when the news of the death of Meyerbeer arrived. He was interred at Berlin; but he was as thoroughly French as Heine. Rossini, calling at the Rue Mon-

taigne to make his friendly inquiries, was suddenly told by the *concierge* that Meyerbeer was dead. He staggered, and would have fallen if he had not been caught up. Auber held the cords of the pall; funeral marches from his own operas were played as his body was borne to the Northern Railway; and on the day of his funeral the Grand Opera gave *Les Huguenots*. Some one went in the morning and bought up all the flowers in the pretty flower-garden by the Madeleine, and strewed them in front of the hearse. Meyerbeer was haunted by the idea that he might be buried alive. He left directions as follows: "On doit me lasser couché sur mon lit, la figure découverte, tel que j'étais avant de mourir, pendant quatre jours, et le cinquième jour on pratiquera des incisions sous l'artère bronchiale ainsi qu'au pied." He also left directions that two men should watch him night and day, in case he should give any signs of life, and also that small bells should be placed on his hands and feet.

While I was staying in Paris, I was much shocked by the death of the Duke of Hamilton. He had given me his best bursary at Glasgow College; I had dedicated a little book to him, had some corre-

spondence with him, and had made his personal acquaintance at Baden-Baden. The musical parties he gave there were the best events of the season. He had the beautiful villa just opposite the Victoria Hotel, just before you enter the grounds of the Kur-Saal. All the visitors used to admire the charming garden with the stately vases of flowers. He had married Princess Marie of Baden, a lady who in girlhood was the greatest ornament of her Court, for sense, liveliness, and wit; a first cousin of the Emperor of the French. The Emperor gave him the use of the Royal château of Pau, famous as the birthplace of Henry the Great, a most famous palace, which I have visited with the greatest enjoyment. He and his Duchess, by Imperial ordinance, were received on the footing of royalty in Paris. The sculptors of Rome regarded his countenance as the perfection of manly beauty. He was a most liberal man, and although not a Roman Catholic—although the strongest efforts had been made to make him one—he had greatly assisted the Pope from his private resources when such aid was necessary. One summer morning the Duke had been at a party given by the Duchess of Buccleugh,

and had arrived the same night on his way to Baden-Baden. He went to the opera, and then in company with a well-known *ci-devant* member of the Embassy he went for supper to the "Maison Dorée," on the Boulevards. The early dawn of the summer day was breaking as he prepared to go to his quarters at the "Hôtel Bristol." A servant wished to assist him with his overcoat, but the Duke, declining his assistance, stepped back somewhat hastily. In so doing he missed his footing, and was precipitated down the stairs. He was taken up insensible; it was concussion of the brain. I went to the "Hôtel Bristol" to inquire after him, but there was no hope.

The Emperor was at Vichy, taking the waters for his gout; but the Empress, who remained at St. Cloud, came at once to the "Hôtel Bristol." She was most assiduous in her attention to the sufferer, constantly changed the cold wet bandages applied to his head, administered his medicines, and knelt in prayer by his bedside. Only a few wandering gleams of reason revisited the sufferer. His body was taken from Paris to Cherbourg, and from Cherbourg to Scotland, by command of the Empress, with almost Imperial honours.

There are facts within my own personal knowledge of the Duke's private character which show him to be a man of the greatest tenderness of feeling and generosity of character. The students of history will remember that there was a period when one of his ancestors might have founded a dynasty in England; and so late as the reign of Queen Anne it was a matter of firm expectation that the Union would not be accomplished, and that the Duke of Hamilton would assume the crown of Scotland.

I met with a certain number of people who knew the Emperor, and, I believe, those who met him in adverse days and treated him kindly never found him deficient in gratitude, and he was especially kind to English people. There was one poor English governess, plain and elderly, who wrote to say that she wanted to see Paris, where she had made her way to some *pension*, and was not able to do so. The Emperor sent an official to show her about everywhere, but the gallant officer did not think it came within his duty to hold any conversation worth mentioning with her. Some of those who were brought very closely into connection with the Court

complained very much of the severity of the social duties. The hours were very late. Half-a-dozen "receptions" in the course of a night, not terminating till the early hours of the morning, would prostrate those who were not of a robust constitution. Sometimes it happened that those who saw most of the Court liked it least.

The little Prince's duty of acknowledging all salutations appeared a source of unfailing enjoyment to him, and he did it very gracefully. The fêtes he gave to the children in the gardens of the Tuileries one Sunday ought to have made him very popular with his young contemporaries. Mountains of cakes, rivers of sweet drinks, and the Champs Elysées cleared of most of its customary amusements for their special delectation. One was not easily brought to admire the outdoor arrangements of the Imperial family. You never by any chance saw the husband and wife driving out together, nor yet the mother and child. Each of the trio had a separate *cortège*. Sometimes, in the Bois de Boulogne, the carriage of the Emperor would pass the carriage of the Empress, and there would be an exchange of a very grand and a very graceful bow.

I always prophesied to myself that an awful fall was in store for the Emperor. I remember going one night to the Théâtre Français, when Casimir Delavigne's *Louis Onze* was being performed. I gave very little attention to the play, but for hours together was watching the Emperor's face. It was as impassive as a piece of mahogany. Again and again the Empress touched him on the shoulder, and drew his attention to what was going on; in a moment his thoughts were entirely abstracted. "Il est très-occupé," said the person who was by me. For my own part, I thought there was a certain likeness between him and Louis, as described by Comines and Monstrelet, and still more vividly reproduced to us by the "Quentin Durward" of Walter Scott. At that time people were almost trembling to know what might be his utterances on a New Year's Day. The demolitions were going on. Old Paris was in process of destruction; and we told each other grimly that the Emperor was making broad streets that might be swept by artillery. We little thought in what way the volcano was to burst, and the Empire swept away at last; but that it would be swept away in the event many

far-sighted politicians had no doubt. Every speech that M. Thiers made was a breath of liberty that swept refreshingly through the country. If with one hand M. Thiers had built up the lying Napoleonic legend, as certainly as M. Lanfrey and Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian, there were slight matters that showed a sense of insecurity. If there was a large party at a private house, the matter came under the surveillance of the police. There was a ridiculous phrase, "Où est Lambert?" which everybody was whistling, and which much exercised the minds of the police, but nobody ever traced any meaning to the catchword.

I had a certain amount of literary work, which, I am thankful to say, was chiefly in the magazines. Any journalistic employment was chiefly in the department of reviewing. I have always had a dread of the hurry and drive of journalism, though I have had a moderate share of it. Paris was a great focus of journalism. Some men took a great deal of work—more, perhaps, than was good for themselves or their readers. A man I knew, who had permanent engagements both in England and Paris, was able to keep his carriage; and there were many more whom I did not know. There

were some distinguished authors who at this time were taking up a temporary or permanent abode in Paris. A Paris correspondent who worked hard, putting forth his best work, avoiding mere Bohemianism, as good journalists increasingly avoid it, with a grave sense of responsibility and duty, certainly fills a most useful place in the order of things.

As I was coaching the Ambassador's son, I had several offers of pupils ; but my terms were almost prohibitory. I greatly preferred literature, for books have been the passion of my life, and reading brings its own exceeding great reward. I have always appreciated that noble saying of Macaulay's—that if he was offered a throne without reading, or be a scholar in a garret, he would be off to a garret. All sensible people would agree with him ; but it is an alternative not very likely to arise. The wife of an absent American clergyman asked me to take her sons. I said that I would do so with pleasure, but on condition that I received no payment. We were poor creatures indeed if one clergyman could not help another. With one of the boys I was not at all pleased. He came irregularly, and did his work badly. I told his mother that he required sharp discipline,

and that it was no use to come to me unless he meant work. The lady answered that she would encroach no more on my valuable time, and withdrew her son. The wretched boy lost an opportunity whereby he might have gained something in the way of good habits and self-restraint. He became a medical man, practising in Bournemouth, and also in the Isle of Wight. He turned his medical knowledge to the vilest account, and was justly put to death for foully poisoning his young brother-in-law. There was more than a suspicion that this last was not his first murder. It was a great shock to me that a lad whom I had often welcomed in my Paris house should thus ignobly perish.

I was rather a pluralist in those days, and besides the duty at the American church in the morning, took afternoon duty at Chantilly, the château being then occupied by Lord Cowley.

The woods and waters of Chantilly may compare with those of Fontainebleau, and in some respect surpass them. Nothing is more delightful than to lounge through the summer days in these forest glades. You pass whole spaces completely carpeted by yellow lilies, and meet lake after lake infinitely larger than the lake with the big fish in front of the palace of Fontaine-

bleau. The traveller between Boulogne and Paris will remember that charming bit of scenery just below the viaduct as you leave Chantilly. There is the château of Queen Blanche fronting the lake, and at the end of the lake only a carriage-path separates you from another. The little château itself resembles a tiny cathedral, with its stained glass, and carvings, and various ornaments. There is a *rond-point* in the forest from which radiate no less than twelve forest paths. Famous hunting is to be found at Chantilly, and, travelling down there in the season, you were likely enough to meet men in scarlet as your companions. I spent hours in wandering in the grounds of the château, through groves and walks, by streams and cascades. Passing a little bridge over a clear stream, it was pleasant to watch the multitudes of fishes, and then I came to a hermitage like the Swiss cottage at Versailles, in which, in old days, peers and peeresses used to play at shepherds and shepherdesses, representing an innocence which, I am afraid, found little corresponding reality in the world of fact.

For some time I went to Chantilly once a week, and took friends down with me. I enjoyed the hospitalities of the château. One day I dined with

an old French nobleman, who told me that he would rather be the steward of that vast Condé property than a Minister of State. He told me that he had been one of the judges who tried Louis Napoleon for his attempt at Ham. He said that two of the judges had strongly urged his execution, and that after he became Emperor, Louis Napoleon showed the greatest politeness and favour to these men, but showed no favour at all to those who, like himself, had taken a lenient view. One of the trainers was very civil, and proposed to give me a drive through the woods. A small, shaggy pony was standing at the door, with a groom at its head. I thought it cruelty to animals that so small a beast should carry us two. When we got into the trap the animal flew with lightning velocity through the avenue. I was told that he was one of the most valuable beasts in the Chantilly stables, and that an immense sum had been refused for him.

Noble trophies of the chase were found in these Chantilly houses; enormous antlers of deer. I heard exciting stories of hunts of the wild boar, and how wolves had been found in the forest in severe winters. Chantilly is the Newmarket of France; there were

hundreds of Englishmen there of the true stable type. The French, with all their emulation of the English turf, and pride in their improving studs, seemed absolutely dependent on the English for their trainers and riders. "You see, sir," said one of the English people to me, "these French jockeys think they know all about it, when they don't know all about it. They get on pretty well for a time, but just let one of them have a tumble and bruise himself a bit, and it is all over with him. You will never persuade him to get on again." It was a sight worth seeing to go through Mr. Carter's stables and behold the magnificent horses they contained. I was shown a set of horses to which large annuities had been bequeathed, and the care and science with which they were tended were remarkable.

Of course, too, I ran down to Fontainebleau. The day I went I was told that the Empress had been there a few days before, like a good housewife, seeing that everything was in order for her lord and his guests, rejoicing in the magnificent furniture and bee-embroidered curtains of her magnificent abode, and with dainty finger tapping each spot that required the attention of the domestics.

I knew the venerable Incumbent of the Marbœuf Chapel, a wise and kindly man. He had been Incumbent of the English church of Bonn, and after morning service, a stranger came to the vestry, and announced himself as Mr. Way—a man very much known at the time, mentioned in "Macaulay's Life"—and offered him the Paris incumbency, which was one of the most desirable in the foreign service of the Church of England. Mr. Gardener's house seemed to wander all over the roof and along the sides of the chapel; it was full of comfort, and a most hospitable home.

I knew some very pleasant people through this excellent friend. One day he brought to my house Mr. Lathbury, the Incumbent of a church near Bristol, the well-known author of "The History of the Non-jurors." I visited him afterwards at his house in Bristol, and well remember his kindly, thoughtful aspect in his noble library. I remember the Bishop of Guiana was staying with him, and I remember the Bishop telling me that all his experience satisfied him more and more of the truth of what Sir Walter Raleigh had said about the country. The interesting point about Mr. Lathbury—apart

from the great personal interest which belonged to himself—was that he showed me a long correspondence between himself and Lord Macaulay. I was very pleased to have in my hands those original letters of Macaulay's, which were indeed very like a short review. They were, perhaps, the most remarkable things that Macaulay ever wrote; for in them, in one or two places, he acknowledges that he is in the wrong—an acknowledgment that might have been made oftener. There never was a man who stuck so obstinately to his guns as Macaulay. Knowledge was his forte, and omniscience his foible. He made "so cocksure" of everything, as Lord Melbourne used to say.

Macaulay used to say that if the "Paradise Lost" was destroyed in every copy, he thought he could reproduce it from his memory. One day, in his nephew Trevelyan's rooms at Trinity, he repeated a lot of Milton; but after going on for a time he broke down. A Trinity man who was there told me the tears gathered to the old man's eyes when he found that he could not rely so perfectly as he thought upon his marvellous memory. There was

one amusing story which he told my friend, but whether he himself was "the wag" I am unable to say. A man named Cole left a sum of money to one of the Cambridge churches on condition that his name appeared on the sacred edifice. Then a wag suggested that they should put up an inscription in the church, "Cole Deum," which was accordingly done, and the legacy saved.

In one of my journeys home, I made a brief stay at Amiens. I had passed the city so often without a visit that the gray cathedral seemed to look reproachfully at me. The train generally stays twenty minutes; you call for some dinner, but before you can report progress the bell sounds, the alarm is given, your bill is presented, and you have to hurry away. Some years ago a Cabinet Minister in one of our Administrations, being hurried away, calmly carried his tea or soup into his railway carriage, amid the unheeded vociferations of the waiters. Having made up my mind to stop at the place, I pursue my meal with deliberation. When I have taken some food I ask for more, and the waiter, with grinning astonishment, supplies my modest wants. "But does monsieur hear the bell ring?"

Yes, monsieur hears it, but he will try *un plat de jour*. "But does monsieur hear the bell ring?" Yes, monsieur hears it, but will take some *poulet* and salad. "Monsieur will only just be in time; see, there is the guard." Monsieur serenely disregards the guarding, and announces that he is not going on by the train. The waiter's countenance falls, but he presently approaches and explains that the dinner has been constructed for travellers who have no time to eat it; he therefore demands additional francs for the supplementary eating. Monsieur having paid the usual *table d'hôte* price, gives nothing more beyond attendance, and departs, having created some manifest awe in the department.

Amiens has one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. I went to that cathedral again. It is often compared to Salisbury, which was commenced only two years earlier. Amiens is much more elaborate; the proportion of height to breadth is about double that of the English cathedral; the vault here is half as high again as Westminster Abbey. The effect of the red-stained glass of the rose windows is something wonderful. At the vestibule of the cathedral there were certain lame and

impotent folk, even as at the Temple of old, when the lame man sat at the gate called Beautiful and all the people came together at Solomon's Porch. I passed the porch and the beautiful gate, leaving the lame there, and entered into this temple. One might venture to give the poor beggar something, for the laws about mendicancy are very severe in France, and he would not be allowed to beg unless he had very sorrowful reason for so doing. It was nearly dark when I made my first visit; but the soft twilight harmonised well with the gray aisles, the subdued glories of the painted glass, and the groups of kneeling worshippers who had strayed in here from the tumult of the streets, to obtain some quietude and mental rest.

I see what I can of Amiens and the Amienois. I go to the "Commercial Hotel," where I am the only Englishman, and the charges are one-fourth of what I pay in Paris. It is taken for granted that I am a commercial, and that my aim in life is flax. Amiens is almost the hardest working town in France, yet is un-Frenchlike in its abnegation of amusements, and its steady, unwavering devotion to industrial pursuits—which mainly signify flax.

The solitary relaxation seems to be fishing. The Somme, with the rushing noise of a weir close at hand, with a long line of the unfailing poplars, stretches into the broad expanse of the Vale of Picardy. Here on the shore of the Somme, just as on the banks of the Seine, the Loire, and indeed every river in the neighbourhood of great towns, there is a line of men fishing. How many hours they wait, and how few fish they catch, and how small those few fishes are! The river is thoroughly utilised, being split into eleven branches to turn the water-wheels of the manufactories. Of course there is a little colony of English working people —perhaps a hundred people, formerly three or four times the number — who have become curiously Gallicised. There was quite an irruption of English *savants* once, who came in consequence of the discovery of the flint instruments, here and in the adjacent Abbeville district. Many excellent specimens are found in the public museums, and better still in private collections; but those for purchase can hardly be relied on, as the manufacture of flint instruments became almost a branch of industrial pursuit at Amiens.

In the morning I take my walks abroad. I can go to the Boulevards if I like; but the so-called grass is scanty and sandy, as much unlike our English turf as the thin trees are like our glorious elms and beeches, or as the long straight roads are like the stream-like windings of our English lanes. I go into the market, but I entirely decline to believe that those poor fruits are English, as the vendors unblushingly declare them to be. Going into the meat-market, I see a stall devoted to meat which is darker, coarser, and cheaper than any other meat; this is the stall for the sale of horse-flesh. The Amiens people cannot make up their minds to like it, except those who are obliged to like what is cheap. It is interesting, because I have never seen horse-flesh before, although I suspect that I may have often taken it in the cafés of the Palais Royal. I look at the house of the Préfet, which has the best private garden that I have seen in the place; a soldier in a cocked hat walks up and down by the side of it. The lucrative office of Préfet is one to which we have no exact parallel in England; a lord-lieutenant is nothing to it. The Préfet is a viceroy, and possesses that reality

of power which kings have often wanted. The Préfet of the time of my visit had obtained his appointment through the accident of having had one of his eyes destroyed while on a shooting party with the Emperor. Some of the disaffected maintained that there might be a higher qualification for the office of Préfet than having an eye knocked out. As in duty bound I go to the "Hôtel de Ville," more especially as in one of the rooms the short-lived treaty of Amiens was signed. There is a picture of it which gives us a correct view of the costume of the period. In the state rooms here there are yards of wall covered with pictures, which seek to atone by space and colour for the lack of more artistic qualities. You see the customary *donnée par l'Empereur* on the frames of several of them. The Emperor used to buy an immense number of pictures—got them cheap, in point of fact—and present them to libraries, museums, and town halls throughout the country. This helped to strengthen the loyalty of the provinces, the supposed strength of the Napoleonic dynasty, and to keep alive that lying Napoleonic legend which the writings of Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian and of the

Abbé Lanfrey have done so much to dissipate, even in the provinces. Another great place to visit is the Amiens Musée, rich in Roman remains and the curiosities of the Celtic drift. Its great importance, as that of many another Musée throughout France, is that it promotes a steady knowledge and appreciation of art, which did so much for the enormous progress in industry and design made by the manufacturing classes under the Second Empire. The Musée had recently received a curious discouragement. It had been authorised to raise money by a public lottery, and the great prize was one for a hundred thousand francs. Many thousand tickets were issued, and many thousands were left undisposed of. It was fondly hoped that the lot for the great prize would not be drawn. There came to Amiens, however, one morning a young man, a son of a *sergent de ville* of the town, with neither station nor prospects, who had only a solitary coin in his pocket, and in a fit of desperation spent his last sous on a few tickets for the lottery, at five sous each. The young man drew the prize for a hundred thousand francs. His respected father at once went to law with him, I expect to recover money

for education and maintenance, and the great prize was eventually halved between the two.

Besides the treaty, there is a further English association with Amiens. Here four thousand Englishmen aided Henry the Great in driving the Spaniards out of the place. In a turret of the cathedral, they will show you the stone table on which Henry stood and watched the gallant Englishmen chase away his foes. My first and last recollections of Amiens belong to its cathedral.

CHAPTER VIII.

A YEAR IN LONDON.

Coming from Paris, of the climate of which I can speak most favourably in bronchial cases, I settled down hopefully in London, where I stayed, with intervals of short migratory holidays, till very late in the autumn. I took a curacy in one of the districts of St. James's, in which there was a good staff of clergy and visitors. I was editing a Church magazine, and contributing to several other periodicals. The parish was of small area, but densely packed, lying behind Regent Street. It included one side of Regent Street, and the contrast was very striking between the broad, crowded, splendid thoroughfare and the slums in close contiguity in the rear. I rather took to the "slumming" department. I always take kindly to visiting, but I told my Incumbent that I must limit this visiting to three or four hours a day for most days of the week. A

good deal could be done in this time, with steady perseverance, in any parish; and in this case particularly so, as the parish was so compact that one might walk from one end of it to the other in about five minutes. I saw a great deal of the London poor, and had various argumentations with the tailors and bootmakers. Meeting my old Incumbent many years afterwards, I was delighted to hear that "Some of the old women in the parish still talk of you." I suppose it was like the *Punch* picture, where the old women tell the young curate that they had always looked upon him as one of themselves. The church had a very snug vestry, in which I occasionally interviewed parishioners, and passed a great deal of time in reading and writing in the intervals between services and visits. As I went down to take my week in rotation of the morning prayers, it was very interesting to see the crowd of bright young people, with healthy looks and neat dress, going to their shops and offices. There are only a few people who know this special aspect of Regent Street in the early morning hours. We found, however, that the young ladies in the Regent Street shops were impervious to the most solid considerations. There was

a society started to promote some kind of system of assurance among the milliners, who were to receive medicine and medical attendance at all times, and so much a week in times of sickness or old age. Each member was to pay a guinea a year. Of course a great deal of charitable help was wanted to place such a scheme on a sound basis, and we did not fail to obtain it. A good lady, I remember, sent a lot of old lace for her contribution, which was sold for five hundred pounds. The great thing was to get the shop-girls to become members, and they were invited to a meeting in Willis's Rooms. They came in great numbers, and certainly looked very pretty and nice. We had one or more philanthropic Members of Parliament who tried to work upon their better feelings. I, too, made my speech, and described in frightful terms what I had seen in the back slums, and what they might come to if they made imprudent marriages, and had nothing to fall back upon in a rainy day. They listened with an amused expression, and were perfectly unmoved. All our eloquence was thrown away. Only one conscience-stricken girl presented herself as a member at the close of the meeting.

In talking to my tailors and bootmakers, etc., I strongly urged upon them that they should take cottages in the suburbs, use the workmen's trains, and obtain healthy, roomy tenements for the same money which they paid for the single room. But I could not get them to see this. They had their associations with the back streets, their friends and neighbours, their power of getting credit at the little shops in bad times; they were in touch with everything that was going on, and were themselves part of the general movement and excitement. There was more to be said on their side of the question than I had appreciated. In my "slumming" I was glad to find that occasionally—very occasionally—I met or heard of good people from the big houses visiting their poor neighbours, and tradesmen in a large way who sent them things out of their shops. The appalling cry of "Outcast London" was not yet raised; but I will venture to say that to us of the clergy it told nothing new. It told of evil which the clergy and many of the laity had known and combated for years. And having come in later years to know a good deal of the East End, I may say that there is not so much difference as might be

thought between the East and the West. I am afraid that the "cry" is much forgotten, though the facts remain the same.

In those days I remember I was unduly given to going into long sermons. It was a time of keen discussion on certain religious subjects, and I was deeply interested in them. I remember preaching for upwards of an hour one morning. My reverend brethren were wild with me, and plainly intimated that that kind of sermon could not be tolerated. There was a fashionable countess there that morning and she quitted the church, leaving a civil message with the beadle to the effect that it was all very interesting, but she was sorry she could not stay any longer. A friendly Prebendary told me a similar experience. He went to call on the great Marchioness of A——, after preaching a sermon of undue length. He had a chapel attended by a larger number of Members of the two Houses than any other. "My dear doctor," said her ladyship, "I was so delighted with your sermon; but, in fact, our servants insist on dining early on Sunday, and of course we are completely in their power. I would not at all mind bringing up some coals or opening the front door to enable me to hear

you, but unfortunately Lord A—— will not permit me to do anything of the sort." At this chapel there came to be recognised a sort of regulation length of the sermon. Everything was made short and sweet. But a colonial bishop came to take charge; told the aristocratic congregation that he had come to live and die among them, which the congregation regarded in the light of a liberty, and disregarded the wonted limits, about which there had been a kind of *concordat.* One Sunday morning an old lord got up in his pew, pointed to his watch, and saying in an audible voice: "Time's up," stalked solemnly away. The colonial bishop subsequently resigned.

The fact is we live in an impatient era, and people will not submit to long sermons. I like them myself, but somebody is right who said in homely, forcible language, that it is of no use to pour the contents of a quart into a pint bottle. If the faculty of attention is exhausted it is of no use going on. If there is truth in the famous definition of genius, that it is simply the power of sustained attention, there must be a paucity of genius at the present. People will not hear a debate through, they will only listen to some special speeches; they will not even hear an opera

through, they will only come for a favourite scene or a favourite air. Sir Gore Ouseley once mentioned to me that an oratorio of Handel's now only took half the time that it did originally. So much have we quickened time and pace. The moral is obvious that if we have shorter time we must be more terse and trenchant, and lay it out to the best advantage. As for myself I took a revenge of my own. I altered my discourses, and brought them into a shape half essay, half sermon, and published a volume, which became stereotyped. So this year in London I produced a book. Soon after its appearance I entirely ceased to write any sermons, being convinced of "the duty and discipline of extemporary preaching."

In those days there was a clerical club — a kind of clerical parliament that used to meet at St. James's Rectory. We had tea and coffee, and then settled down to a regular discussion, which sometimes rose to the dignity of a set debate. Any one was free to speak, and to say whatever he liked. I remember that I only made one speech, which was wedged between the present Lord Coleridge, who spoke before me, and Frederick Maurice, who came after me, and who, misconceiving my

meaning—doubtless through my own fault—handled me rather severely. I had the privilege of meeting many admirable men, and of being introduced to some of them, and deeply regretted that circumstances cut short the opportunities of a better acquaintance. There were the two secretaries of the S.P.G., Canon Hawkins and Mr. Bullock. Both of them have now passed away. There is a memorial pulpit to Mr. Bullock in one of the Mentone churches. There was a very estimable man, Dr. W. J. Irons, with whom I was on very amicable terms. His father had been a Dissenter, and of course he became a very High Churchman. He took a country living, and of course he was miserable until he exchanged back, at a great loss, to a London benefice. Then we had Dean Stanley and Dean Goulburn. Stanley I had known at Oxford, and a former curate of Dean Goulburn's had introduced me to him. I remember also Dr. Wace, and Stanley Leathes, and Harry Jones. There were many other men whose names, at this distance of time, I cannot remember. I never knew Dean Stanley more animated and vivacious than at these gatherings, which I have always put down as the most interesting that I have known in London.

There was another kind of gathering held on a Sunday evening, to which I had an invitation to attend regularly. We gave it the name of "Convocation." A kindly, hospitable clergyman, equally well known for his parish and his literary work, gave a supper every Sunday evening after church, which went on, with talk and pipes, till nearly midnight. Any clerical brother was made welcome, and there was also a sprinkling of authors, journalists, and literary men. It was the carrying out of George Herbert's idea in the "Country Parson" that, when the work of the day is over, the parson should bring together his friends for converse and a cheerful meal. I always considered it a real loss when I was unable to attend one of these parties ; and long after I had ceased to be a London clergyman, I was permitted to "convocate" whenever I was in town. Away from St. James's I lost my *locus standi.* I met many of the same men that I met at St. James's, and a larger infusion of the laity. There was no debating, but any amount of bright, keen conversation, each one of us trying to be terse and frank, to get something, and to communicate something. No one could be more dry, racy, and instructive than our host. This continued, unlimited hospitality went on

year after year. The drawback was that, among so many, I did not see so much as I could wish of our kindly host. He let me into a secret. "If you feel inclined for a *tête-à-tête*," he said, "look me up about three o'clock in the morning, when I am just finishing my evening's work." Passing his way one night, I took him at his word. His library was a blaze of light, and he was putting away his books and papers. He was as fresh as a daisy, and gave me some good talk and information.

There was one medical man whom I used to meet at "Convocation" in whom I was much interested, Dr. Anstey, who had written a good book on "Narcotics and Stimulants," and was the editor of *The Practitioner*. He used to go a good deal into general society, which he turned to scientific account. He told me that the dancing of young ladies—even those who were considered valetudinarians—was equivalent to the walking of an astonishing number of miles, and I am afraid to speak of the quantity of alcohol that might be imbibed in the course of a long ball; it would be matter for grave consideration to the C.E.T.S. I remember Anstey talking to me about Peruvian coca as a great stimulant, which could brace

a man against fatigue. It was hardly known in England, but he said he had managed to secure a small quantity. The coca wine is now well known. Anstey died early, having unfortunately brought on blood-poisoning by an accident in dissecting.

The mention of Dr. Anstey's work on "Narcotics" reminds me of a curious incident which once happened to me. I have always had a taste—which has brought several of my reverend brethren into considerable trouble—for studying medical subjects. As one of my medical friends has courteously informed me, "A parson who fancies he has a smattering of medicine is always a most odious object." I had been much impressed by the great use of hypnotics, by the rest and freedom from pain which they confer. Moreover, I had a venerable relative who took an opium pill every night of her blameless life, never losing a good night's rest, unless she had forgotten her dose, and died, almost accidentally, in full possession of her faculties, at the age of ninety-four. Accordingly I wrote, in an evening newspaper, an article recommending the use of opiates. But no sooner was my paper published, than I was seized with dire qualms of conscience. My medical friends

regarded it with disapproval. They thought that I was teaching the British public how to poison themselves; that the taste for opiates might become as general and intense as the taste for alcohol, and the most deleterious results be engendered. I was rather appalled at this, and although I considered the picture overcharged, I thought there might be a great deal in it. I thought the best thing I could do was to write another article in another periodical denouncing the use of hypnotics, which I accordingly did with considerable vigour, and my restless conscience was appeased. To the present day I am not quite able to strike the balance between the two sets of arguments. I was pleased to hear an expression of opinion how very properly the writer in the weekly had put down his foot on the writer in the daily, and morally crushed him.

In town I renewed my acquaintance with Lady Franklin and her niece. I found they had a very interesting guest staying with them. At Lady Franklin's invitation, Queen Emma, whom she had known in the Sandwich Islands, came to stay with her in London. Lady Franklin then lived at Kensington Gore Lodge, a charming house, which has

since been improved off the face of the earth. It had a large and lovely garden; I suppose there are very few like it now left in that part of London. I met Queen Emma several times, and she wanted me to go down with her to some castle in order to promote an interest in the Episcopalian Church in Hawaii. But it was early spring, and the weather too rough to allow me to travel. She was a thorough Anglican in a country where different forms of Dissent largely predominate above the Church element. She was Queen as the wife of Kemahama IV., and long after she had left England, and the royal line become extinct, she was a candidate for the popular vote to become Queen Regent. She was defeated, and the conflict for the election was a most serious and disastrous event for the islands. The sovereignty of the islands is undoubted, and it is one of the most unique monarchies in contemporary history; a monarchy which, dating from the old heathen cannibal days, continues, while the people have grown civilised and Christians too. Unfortunately at no distant date there will hardly be a people for a monarch to rule over. The population is fast decreasing, apart from that awful curse of leprosy, that has caused thousands of

the wretched lepers to be deported into a separate island. There is, moreover, always a chance that the people will sell their country, or a part of it, to the United States.

Queen Emma certainly established the point of the royalty of these islands. It was this acknowledgment that ensured the recognition of the present Queen of the Sandwich Islands at the time of the great Jubilee. At Lady Franklin's parties she was always treated as a Queen. She did not possess the punctuality of our own Queen, and we would be kept a long time in the drawing-room before "Her Majesty" made her appearance. She dressed very gracefully, and had peculiarly winning manners. There were several rumours while she was in England that she was about to "change her condition." There was a great rush upon her, especially after she had been received by our own Queen. She had her separate visiting-book, and all the best people in London called to inscribe their names therein. The strain, I think, was rather severe on Lady Franklin, and she was not ill-pleased when Queen Emma removed to "Claridge's Hotel" as the guest of Queen Victoria.

I remember meeting Dr. Livingstone under rather

peculiar circumstances. It was his last evening in England. I was dining at Lady Franklin's, and sat next to him at dinner. It so happened that I had never seen him before—it was at the time of Queen Emma's stay there—and, from his broken English and dark complexion, really darker than the Queen's, I put him down as some native clergyman of the Sandwich Islands, which rejoice in an Anglicanism—perchance her chaplain. During his long, solitary travels in Africa, Livingstone almost lost the use of his mother-tongue. Not knowing who my illustrious neighbour was, I gave my opinion on African subjects with great freedom. I should wish just to listen and learn if I had known my man. Two of the subjects discussed I remember very well. One was Bishop Tozer. I told Livingstone that when Dr. Tozer had taken his missionary bishopric, some of his ignorant country parishioners thought that it was a piece of preferment worth some fifteen thousand a year. Dr. Livingstone fully discussed the subject of Dr. Tozer taking up his abode at Zanzibar instead of working in the interior of the dark continent. I expect that the Bishop had come to the conclusion, on unselfish and independent grounds, that this was the

best way of approaching the work. Dr. Livingstone would not hear of this for a moment. He expressed himself as deeply disappointed with this state of things, and, indeed, launched out into something very like invective on the subject. Another subject which we discussed was the right of missionaries using arms. I think I adopted the old non-resistance argument. But Livingstone would not hear of it. He took the case of an actual attack upon a missionary party, or of Arabs driving slaves. Under such circumstances, he thought it perfectly allowable for missionaries to use firearms to defend themselves or to liberate the oppressed. He was very energetic and positive on the matter. Livingstone was probably right on both his points. At the present time the Universities' Mission is working vigorously in the very place which he would have most desired.

I think we were the latest guests to leave that evening. Livingstone told me that he was starting next morning for Bombay, on his way back to Africa. I must have been one of the last Englishmen who saw him alive.

I remember sitting next to Sir Joseph Hooker one day at Lady Franklin's, and was able to tell

him an anecdote which much interested him. I had been spending a morning at Kew, in which I much delight, especially in "the wilderness." I had asked one of the gardeners the name of a plant, and the gardener told me it was a curious word; and I said to the gardener: "Your big words are very amusing. This one is partly Latin and partly Greek." The young gardener answered very seriously: "We find that the Latin is quite enough for the *genera;* but when we come to *species,* we are obliged to resort to Greek as being the more copious language." Sir William was delighted, as I had been myself, with the gardener's answer, and wanted to know his name, but unfortunately I was not able to tell him. I should have liked to do a good turn to the intelligent young fellow.

The name of Franklin reminds me of another great Arctic man, Sir George Back. When I knew him he had a house in Upper Gloucester Place, and resided a good deal at Worthing during the winter. He lived a lonely life as a widower in big houses; but he had a clerical nephew, like himself, a member of the Athenæum. He was not only a rough sailor, a real Arctic hero, but a man who touched literature

and society in many ways. He was a thoroughly generous and hospitable man, always giving dinners to his friends or dining out. In the height of the season he would have dinner invitations four or five deep a night, and he would whimsically complain that he would come away half starved, as his health imposed very strict dietary rules, and he could take nothing but a slice of fish or mutton. He was a man of infinite kindness of heart, and no man had higher principle or could give more curt and direct advice. His stories were excellent, and I was astonished at the immense extent and variety of his acquirements. I wish I had taken fuller notes of his talk, or, much better, that he had written his own life. A great deal of autobiography is, of course, to be expected from his three Arctic books, of which his table talk repeated his best stories; but it all needs to be put in a "portable form." As a boy, he was carried across the Pyrenees as a prisoner on the pannier of a sumpter mule; in a prison at Verdun, he taught himself French and mathematics; travelled over France on foot—a good preparation for a trudge in snow-shoes of 1,200 miles in the North regions, often without food for days together. He accom-

panied Franklin in his first voyage in the Spitzbergen seas, and leaving Franklin to get help from the Indians, he just got back to him in time to save his life. When he was travelling in Italy to improve his knowledge of art, he offered to lead an expedition started on account of Captain Ross, who was supposed to be lost; and after Ross turned up all right, he had orders to extend his explorations. He discovered the Great Fish River, which he traced to the sea through ice and rapids; and discovered the wonderful Parry Falls, which he thought far surpassed Niagara, or any other falls in the world, for splendour of effect. He was naturally very proud of being promoted by an Order in Council to the rank of Captain, a distinction which happened to no other naval officer except William IV., who gave him an audience to hear his marvellous stories. He used to say that when washing his face close to a fire, his hair would freeze before he could dry it. Without the least egotism, he had many a story to tell, and they were told most naturally. His two voyages under Franklin and the two in which he commanded himself disabled him from further professional work; but with much suffering he was yet

to obtain a large degree of enjoyment out of life. He was a man of strong religious feeling, would speak of the efforts made by the missionaries among the Indians of North America, and thoroughly entered into the parish interests of St. Marylebone. He was a magnificent draughtsman, and his books, very well worth reading, are admirably illustrated by himself.

I am here reminded of another naval officer of rank, whom I knew some years later in the country, and who gave me an account of the fortunes of his family, which might well form the groundwork of a novelet:

"My father was what they called a dashing officer, and wore Bond Street buck in the days of such people. But, all the same, he was a very poor man, and he had several sons to bring up. One day he was in Bond Street, with several of his gay friends, and some heavy drops of rain began to fall. On the other side of the road was a plainly-dressed lady without an umbrella, and apparently in some distress. My father was a kind-hearted man, and stepped across the road, and invited the lady under his umbrella and to a cab. She was greatly obliged, and handed

him her card. He called, and was asked to call again. One day the lady told him that she intended to transfer to him one-half of her fortune. 'Your half is in the funds; it consists of five threes—£33,333. You will find it transferred to yourself; the same sum is quite sufficient for an old lady.' In a few days he actually came into possession of this large sum, which enabled him to bring up his family."

So the son told me. He also told me that he actually knew the very man who inherited a large fortune by opening his pew to an old lady. I had heard the story before, but always looked upon it as apocryphal. He told me that many people knew the story, and that the lucky individual always went by the surname of "Pews." "For myself," said my friend, "I have always made a point of opening my pew-door to any old lady whom I might see; but now they are abolishing pews, and I suppose I have lost my chance."

I one day received an invitation from Archdeacon Sinclair to preach one weekday morning a sermon to the Police. I have been once or twice asked in my time to undertake this kind of duty, and

having much respect for the Police, and much sympathy with them, have always been glad to accede. But, while I thus speak of them, I am sorry to add that various matters have come within the range of my own experience that convince me that the force have more than their full share of black sheep, and that their statements, unless corroborated, should be received with reserve. I could easily state facts which would justify such an impression, but, in Police language, must move on. My father suggested to me that a good text for such a congregation would be, "Lay hands suddenly on no man." We found, however, when we got to the church, that the Police were conspicuous by their absence, as they had gone in a body to the funeral of Sir Richard Mayne.

The Archdeacon gave me lunch, and a great variety of very pleasant discourse. In early days he had asked me to be one of his curates, and it is one of my regrets that I had not taken his kind offer. He was a man who in various ways did admirable work for the Church; and his father, Thomas Carlyle's friend, was one of the greatest benefactors of Scotland. The Archdeacon told me a number of

capital stories. I was afterwards told by one of his friends that he had a well-known cycle of these, through which he regularly worked his way in rotation. In later years he published a volume of his "Reminiscences," which have a fine vein of thoughtfulness in them; but the book does not reproduce his way of telling a story, and, looking over it, I see with regret that some of the best stories are absent. I recognise much that he told me about Hume and Chalmers; but he does not give his reminiscences of Sir William Hamilton and Lord Macaulay, which I thought very interesting.

He said he always considered that Hamilton owed his chair in the University of Edinburgh to a certain letter which he wrote on his friend's behalf. The Professorship was in the gift of the Lord Provost and the Baillies, who were perhaps not the best judges of the meetness of candidates for teaching ethics and metaphysics. Sir William was a candidate, and well known for his attainments in German, and the prevailing notion among the Town Council was that German literature meant Rationalism and Atheism. Sinclair explained in his letter that the tendency of Hamilton's teaching and writing was all the other

way. He was an exponent of Kant, and Kant was a bulwark against the unsettling effects of Hegelianism, and of that sensational philosophy with which France was infecting the philosophic schools of other countries. The difficulties of the worthy burghers were completely removed, and Sir William was elected to the chair which he adorned for so many years.

When Macaulay came to reside at Holly Lodge, he was one of his parishioners, and of course the Archdeacon sought to maintain friendly relations with him. Macaulay wanted a pew, but he could only give him a seat in the front gallery. He spoke of Macaulay's kindly charitable disposition. He asked all about the parish charities, and the Archdeacon went through the list with him. Then said Macaulay, "You must send your collector to call on me," and I have no doubt the collector made a prosperous call. One day Macaulay told him that he meant to devote the last years of his life to the study of moral and religious truth. But how is a man to settle what will be the last years of his life? We do not know how far these studies had progressed before the sorrowful Christmastide when he passed away so suddenly.

Another interesting man whom I knew was Edward

Monroe, who did good work in Harrow, and afterwards in Leeds, and who was the writer of some very charming allegories. He was staying in town at this time, taking a prolonged rest which he greatly needed. He took a great fancy to me. If I were not at home when he called, he would rest a few hours in my room, and would occupy himself by scribbling a letter of many pages to me, chatting on paper if he could not do so in person. He knew many great houses in London, and brought me amusing stories, which I always regarded, however—so unrestrained was his language—as being in some sort of confidence. He once gave me some help in my clerical work which I did not ask him to repeat, as at this date it was easy to see that his time of active work was over. It had been work strikingly good of its kind while it lasted, and I have always retained an affectionate remembrance of him.

I remember especially a pleasant afternoon which I passed with Frederick Maurice, "the prophet," as some used to call him. He and I were officiating at the wedding of two people who were known to us. The breakfast was at the barbaric hour of half-past twelve—an hour calculated to upset one's digestion

and arrangements for the day. I noticed that one or two experienced people went off to their clubs without waiting for the reception. The bride was a lady who had very strong ideas about women's rights. As soon as we had sat down she said: "I must begin at once; I call you to witness, Mr. Maurice. I beg to say that I have no intention in the world of obeying." Maurice turned round to her with his sweet smile: "Ah, madam, I am afraid that you have yet to learn the blessedness of obedience."

In the afternoon, I spoke to him about a man whom we both knew, and who had lately made some very startling progress in professional success. Maurice listened with great interest to the little narrative I told him. "Poor fellow," he said, "it must be a very bad thing for him."

I remember going with my friend, Dr. C. M. Ingleby, to spend a day with him at his pretty place of Valentines, near Ilford. I will not go so far as to say that Ingleby was the best Shakespearean scholar that ever lived, but he was certainly the best that I ever knew. His attainments were very great; and he had a sympathy, insight, and graciousness peculiarly his own. I often saw and

wrote to him, but one day is especially marked in my memory with a white stone.

One day he took me with him to the Athenæum Club, and he put my name down as a candidate. He showed me the beautiful library; a much more comfortable apartment, but certainly not so complete, in the way of books, as the London Library. It is a beautiful room. I was talking to a literary parson—a dean—who told me that he took refuge every day at the Athenæum to go on with his literary work. Ingleby, not many months before he died, wrote to say that I was up for election, and various Athenæum friends had promised me their support. I made up my mind, however, that an ordinary parson could not be permitted such luxuries. Venn Elliott, of Brighton, conscientiously withdrew on this ground; but only came to the conclusion that he could not afford it after he had paid the entrance money and first year's subscription. Ingleby hospitably entertained me and mine at Valentines. This is a charming place, with its straight waterline and its ponds, rich gardens, and shaded walks; while repose, refinement, and culture everywhere abound in the beautiful old house. He had

in his time a great deal to contend against, which he bore with sweetness and fortitude. He was one of a remarkable cluster of Birmingham men who have set an impress of their own upon our time.

I will here mention one or two more circumstances of literary history, in which I am not adhering strictly to chronological order, a fact which is of the faintest possible importance to my readers.

I once had a brief but interesting correspondence on a literary matter with Lord Carnarvon. He had made a very interesting speech at Newbury on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of Lord Falkland. It was an extremely fine speech, both in form and matter, but I thought it laboured under one great defect. It made no mention whatever of Lady Falkland. She was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and, to a great degree, anticipated the work of Florence Nightingale. In the Civil War, she and her ladies went to the battlefield and gave impartial help to the wounded and dying of both armies. Hers was a singularly complete and beautiful life, and forms one of several oases in that dreary strife. I ventured to point out this omission to Lord Carnarvon, who wrote

back to say that he did not know anything about Lady Falkland, and I believe very few people do. I accordingly sent him a little paper which I had written on "Lord and Lady Falkland," which appeared as a "turnover" in an evening paper. A short time afterwards he wrote and very kindly offered me a Government chaplaincy in the colonies; but it was an impossible sort of appointment, and I did not at all see my way to take it.

On several occasions I have had very interesting literary correspondence, and have owned some pleasant acquaintance and some valuable friendships. Occasionally I myself wrote to an author, and sometimes it was the author who wrote to me. I am very fond of what is called literary correspondence, but it is a luxury which costs some effort and a good deal of time, and I could only permit it to a very limited extent. Like many other literary men, I had always contemplated Mr. Froude's matchless style with an "admiring despair." I followed him, volume by volume, through his history, not without grave doubts respecting many of his conclusions, until he somewhat abruptly closed his work. I believe he closed it, being overwhelmed by the amount of materials

through which he would have to work if he chose to continue it. I had written an article, which he had kindly accepted for *Frazer's Magazine,* on the subject of the life and writings of Sir Charles Bell. The Bridgewater Treatise on "The Hand" was the most remarkable of Bell's writings, and I had always thrown myself with great interest into the subject of natural theology. The subject to which I gave the best of my work was the exposition of Bell's striking arguments. It became necessary to have some conversation with Mr. Froude about the forthcoming article. He very much objected to the "teleological" argument. "What is this argument of design?" he asked. "We don't know what it is. It is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. Let us have the man himself—his words, his action, his character. We can do with that, but we don't want any natural theology." So, to my great regret, I had to erase what I considered the best part of my article. It was not altogether lost. The Christian Evidence Society printed the excerpt in a periodical which they were issuing at the time, and there my paper found honourable interment. I was much vexed that my article, which

nevertheless ran to some length as it stood, should be so much maimed and dwarfed.

It was in these days that I first made a close acquaintance with the river Thames, which, from time to time, has been a joy and refreshment to me. I went down to Windsor for five weeks' holiday, which gave me an opportunity of working up the forest and the river, and ever since, from time to time, either solitary or with pleasant parties, I have made the imperial river a great source of holiday, and indeed of working seasons as well. At Oxford I never got beyond Nuneham and Godstow, and my boating was confined to steering, which I did execrably, and amid the execrations of others. But since that time I have been made free of the river—in solitary boat, or water parties, or on the steam-launch.

I used to spend some of my mornings in the great library of the Castle, where an old Oxford friend of mine was engaged in collecting and classifying the large collection of engravings and drawings that had belonged to the Prince Consort, not without special injunctions to carefulness on the part of Her Majesty.

The collection was of great extent, but many of

them seemed to be of the slightest possible value. I have heard of the Queen being present in the royal closet of St. George's Chapel when no one engaged in the services suspected it. I had an opportunity of examining the wonderful collection of plate, and of going over the private apartments, including some rooms not usually shown even to favoured visitors. I was struck with the simple grace and homeliness of the Princess Beatrice's room, with the easy-chair, writing-table, couch, and shelf of books as in other houses, and, what is never known in these days of degenerate building, the immense depth and thickness of the walls into which the window was let. The private chapel was very interesting, not only for the illustrious audience that assembled there, but for the very remarkable men, some of them friends of my own, who have officiated there.

To some people it is a great delight to preach before the Queen. The Honorary Chaplains receive a small allowance, some thirty pounds a year; but the turn of each comes but rarely. Other preachers receive, I believe, the same fee as the University preachers at Oxford—five guineas. They receive the Castle hospitalities, which are proverbial, but only

occasionally do they have the honour of dining with Her Majesty. The preacher is always expected to wear the black, "pudding bag" gown, so that the difference between Anglican and Presbyterian is minimised. It is expected also, as a rule, that the sermon should be a written sermon. An official of the beadle order is in attendance, to see that everything is done according to rule. I knew something of a man who was called to preach at Windsor, and apparently disconcerted the beadle—whoever that Court functionary may happen to be—by the announcement that he was going to preach *extempore*. He insisted, however, as a compromise, that he should take a gorgeous sermon-case into the pulpit. When the pulpit was reached, the gorgeous sermon-case was discarded, and the Christian orator spoke in his usual simple, natural, and, withal, eloquent manner. "Dear people," he proceeded to call them in his loving, persuasive peroration. Later on a great official told him that he was commanded to express the thanks of one of the Princes and one of the Princesses for the sermon. He proceeded to add: "I regret greatly that I am commanded by Her Majesty to express to you her opinion that your language was too familiar."

It is well understood that no direct personal reference should on such occasions be made to Her Majesty. I have heard of one great orator who rather formed his style on that of the great French preachers who held forth before Louis XIV., who addressed royalty somewhat after the manner of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, "And lastly, Madam," he said, speaking forth his words of truth and righteousness. Whether it be etiquette or not, I hold that on such an occasion as this a preacher is justified in speaking according to his impulse; remembering that highest Presence of all.

What the Queen really likes, I was told, is a plain, practical sermon, that comes naturally from the Gospel, Epistle, or Lessons of the day. She does not at all object to its being extemporary, but, like the vast majority of her subjects, would limit it to twenty minutes. Unfortunately some of the preachers are hardly able to resist the temptation of bringing their learning or genius very much to the front, which is natural enough; but any self-consciousness is very unfortunate in the pulpit. What is preferred is a plain sermon suited for plain people; but the Queen

can highly appreciate fine preaching. It is not thought etiquette to preach an old sermon, although I know Principal Caird preached his famous sermon on "The Religion of Common Life," in a Glasgow church before he preached it at Balmoral, and I thought it by no means one of his best sermons. On one occasion, and I believe one only, a very strong political sermon was preached before Her Majesty; but that certain political divine was never invited to preach again.

It was hopeless at that time of the year to attempt to visit the Mausoleum at Frogmore. The only chance would be the fateful 14th of December, which would be fateful indeed to those patients who came at such a time. I worked up all the pleasant neighbourhood—Stoke Pogis and Burnham Beeches, Old Windsor and Runnymede, Colnbrook and Virginia Water. At Colnbrook I heard wondrous stories of a famous hostel, in days when the place was a crowded highway to London, where unwary travellers were let down in their beds through a trap-door to be robbed and murdered. There is no place near London, not even Hounslow Heath, of which such dire stories

can be told, and with so much appearance of authenticity.

One day on the water I especially remember. I had been haunting a very pleasant neighbourhood called Nobleman's Corner, because some lovely lands belonging to some great nobleman here converge. I had slept at Marlow, where I had been hunting up Shelley memorials. In the morning I was invited to join a fishing expedition in a punt. The brilliant sunlight on the leaves and water was pleasant enough, but the piscatorial entertainment was the least part of the charm. My friends were equipped in costly fashion, with all appliances and means to boot; but it was astonishing how little they caught compared with the small shoeless urchins who were trying their luck. My position seemed to me rather unsportsmanlike in stirring up the bottom of the river to send the fish about. When my patience was exhausted, I strolled onwards towards the woods of Bisham Abbey. I had "Murray" with me, and "Murray" imperiously tells me that Bisham is to be explored. Book in hand, I ventured into the grounds to obtain a glimpse of the Abbey. Just then a dog-cart drove

by; but the man who was driving stopped at once and asked me very kindly if he could do anything for me. I made some excuse for trespassing, explaining that I only wanted to obtain a glimpse of the woods and the hall. "It is my place," said my friend of the dog-cart; "but I am just starting for Scotland, and have no time to stay, but my servant will show you everything, and the ladies will be very pleased if you will lunch with them afterwards." So I went over the Abbey, which very well repaid examination, with a hall which very much resembled some old college hall of Oxford or Cambridge. We had a very pleasant luncheon-party; a beautiful old lady — the mother of our host — presiding, and a young cleric from the neighbourhood being a guest. I explained that I was exploring the river, and my brother Leicester said that he had a boat and an afternoon at liberty, and would carry me as many miles as he could up the river. A very pleasant afternoon we had, exploring Medmenham and Hurley, and some other places of note by the waterside. Then my reverend friend had to row back as hard as he could for his dinner or his service. I went up from the landing-place

into the village. As I passed a big house, the owner, who had been contemplating things in general from the drawing-room window, made a dash after me up the street, and hailed me by name. It was the Rector of the parish; he was kind enough to insist that he knew me at Oxford. I had only the slightest personal recollection of him, but was most happy to respond to his kindly advance. "It is a lovely evening," he said, "and we shall have a long sunset. Shall I row you up to Henley?" So I had my third water expedition that day, in very amusing and instructive company.

In the autumn of the year 1865 died Lord Palmerston. In his Church patronage he once did a grievous wrong to a friend of mine. For many years my friend had held a hard curacy in London, which he eked out as he could by ways familiar to necessitous persons. He went down to Worthing with a constitution much broken up by incessant toil. He had one hope—that had sustained him for years—resting on a pledge, not given without a strong claim, that he should receive some valuable ecclesiastical appointment in the gift of the Crown. One morning a letter came from Lord Palmerston, offering him a living in Devonshire, let

us say, of Foot-in-Clover, a fair home and large endowment. My friend joyfully took it. It was a prospect that gave him a new lease of life. He set to work at once making preparations for this new and happy start in life. In the meantime some very strong influence in another direction had, I suppose, been brought to bear upon the Premier. Anyhow, my friend received a letter from Lord Palmerston or his secretary, saying that he was very sorry that Foot-in-Clover had been offered to him through inadvertence, and had really been intended for another person. The effect of this on my poor friend in his weak state of health was simply crushing. He never rallied from the blow, but died a few months later.

Lord Palmerston sent one day for an old clergyman who had both a claim and a promise in Church matters. The clergyman saw him at Cambridge House. Palmerston was in a large room with some half-dozen desks, each apparently being reserved for its separate purpose, and he moved about from one to another. He offered the clergyman a living. It was a miserably small one, and therefore a great disappointment to the old man.

"Perhaps you had better not take it," said the Premier. "We shall do better for you by-and-by."

But the old man had been waiting many years, even for this small thing to come in his way.

"My lord, I dare not refuse it."

"Very well; and we will do something for you by-and-by."

So the old man took the living, and "something better" never turned up. Of course when a man has accepted such an offer his claim is met, and he becomes practically shunted.

I heard a very amusing anecdote about Lord Palmerston. He let Lord Shaftesbury give away his bishoprics, but when a man had "gone up," vacating a canonry or a deanery, then Lord Palmerston, without consulting his wife's son-in-law, would give it to a friend, sometimes to the friend who happened to come handiest. He was staying at the house of a friend, and met a cleric with whom he was greatly pleased. In those country houses Lord Palmerston, I am told, would play billiards into the small hours; and when his friends wished him good-night, he would tell them that he was going to write a lot of

letters before he went to bed. I don't know whether this worthy cleric played billiards or not, but Lord Palmerston was very pleased with him, and made some inquiries about him, and was told that he was very favourably known at his University. So after dinner one day the Premier told the parson that he had this canonry—a very pleasant and valuable one—at his disposal, and he would be pleased to give it to him. The clergyman begged off, saying that he was an obscure and unknown man, and that the canonry ought to be given to some one better known in the Church.

"But," said Lord Palmerston, "I am told you were a highly distinguished man at the University."

"Well, my lord," he answered, "it might be so, but not in the way you imagine. I rowed in the University Boat Race, and, through an accident, we rowed only seven in a boat, and so each of us got some sort of a reputation; but nothing of the sort that could lead up to a canonry."

Lord Palmerston begged him to think the matter over, and let him know in the morning. It was always as well to fill up these vacancies as soon as

possible, and so he would like to know at once. The next morning the matter was again mentioned, but the clergyman, with rare self-denial, persisted in his refusal.

END OF VOL. I.

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